Mosque. *Old School House*

SARAWAK from the Court Hous

Ex Libris
C. K. OGDEN

LETTERS FROM SARAWAK;

Addressed to a Child.

EMBRACING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND RELIGION OF THE INHABITANTS OF BORNEO; THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH MISSION, AND INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE AMONG THE NATIVES.

BY

MRS. McDOUGALL.

FOURTH THOUSAND,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
GRANT AND GRIFFITH,
(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,)
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

M.DCCC.LIV.

LONDON:
J. WERTHEIMER AND CO., PRINTERS,
CIRCUS PLACE, FINSBURY.

6.36
3
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

PREFACE.

ALL Parents whose fate separates them from their little ones, during their early years, must feel anxious to lessen the distance which parts them, by such familiar accounts of their life and habits as shall give their children a vivid interest in their parents' home. With this view the following letters were sent to my little boy, during the last two years we were parted from him, when he was old enough to understand their contents; but I am induced to publish them at the instance of my friends, in order that the Mission, in which we are engaged, may become better known and more appreciated.

Sarawak has, for the last seven years, furnished a romance to the English Public, which, for a time, made its Rajah a favourite hero; such a feeling, and the demonstrations it called forth, were as creditable to them as just to him; for it is well that the people of England should sympathize with their countryman in his really great work of civilising and humanising a nation, which has already proved itself worthy of the effort. While, therefore, peace and a good government ensure to the Malays and Dyaks all the fruits of their industry—while they learn arts and manufactures, and imbibe a taste for luxury and refinement, let their kind friends in England join with their Rajah at Sarawak in giving them also the gospel of Christ's kingdom, through which alone all these acquirements can be made effectual to their happiness.

The Mission at Sarawak was invited there by Sir James Brooke, to assist him in his schemes of philanthropy for Borneo. The funds at first furnished for its support, in answer to his appeal, were raised by the exertions of a few private individuals, with the assistance of grants from the Christian Knowledge Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. After five years this money was entirely expended; and the Mission must have fallen to the ground had not the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel come forward to its support from the 1st Jan. 1853. But although the venerable Society has undertaken this new work on its own reponsibility, its income is fully pledged to existing Missions, and there being no surplus fund, it must look entirely to the enlarged bounty of Churchmen, to enable it so to increase the force, and complete the organisation, of the Mission to Sarawak, that the Church may be planted in the purity of Gospel truth and the perfectness of Apostolic order in a land where the glad news was never before made known. Shall not England have the honour of building up this young and vigorous nation of Sarawak in the faith, which it is willing to embrace, and thus be the means of enlightening and gathering the millions of Borneo, and the adjacent islands, into Christ's Church?

H. M'D.

London, December, 1853.

*** *Subscriptions to a special fund for erecting a Bishopric, founding a College, and sending more Missionaries to Borneo, are received at the Society's Office,* 79, *Pall Mall.*

CONTENTS.

LETTER I.	Voyage out	1
LETTER II.	Singapore	11
LETTER III.	Arrival at Sarawak	19
LETTER IV.	The Malays	30
LETTER V.	The Religion of the Malays	41
LETTER VI.	The Productions of Borneo	50
LETTER VII.	The Dyaks—Their Religion	60
LETTER VIII.	The Dyaks—Their History, Manners, and Customs	69
LETTER IX.	The Pirates	79
LETTER X.	The Animals of Sarawak	91
LETTER XI.	Life in the Court House	102
LETTER XII.	The Mission House and Church	112
LETTER XIII.	The Chinese at Sarawak	126
LETTER XIV.	Journal of a Trip up the Rejang	138
LETTER XV.	Continuation of Ditto	151
LETTER XVI.	Conclusion of Ditto	161
LETTER XVII.	Malacca	170
LETTER XVIII.	Life of Sir James Brooke	179

LETTERS FROM SARAWAK.

LETTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

January, 1851.

My Dearest Charley,

I purpose, now that we are settled in our Sarawak home, writing you a letter once a month, which you must consider as coming from both Papa and Mama, for we shall take an equal interest in them, as going to our boy in England. You are now no longer a baby, but are beginning to enjoy life, to observe what you see and hear, and to feel interested in the world in which you live. You also know something of time and space; and can understand, that, if it takes nearly a whole day to travel from W—— to London, although nearly all the way by steam carriage, it must take six weeks' constant travelling by steamboat, by the overland route, to

reach the other side of the round earth, and four months in a sailing vessel, which only goes on when the wind blows. Papa, and I, and your baby brother, Harry, embarked in the Mary Louisa, a barque of 400 tons, on the 30th of December, 1847, for Singapore, on our way to Borneo. This barque was laden with coals and gunpowder, and there were five passengers besides ourselves. Sometimes, when storms of lightning and thunder burst upon us in those hot latitudes, where coals will even catch fire of themselves, I could not help picturing to myself, what a bonfire we might make on the open sea if the lightning struck us!—how those casks of gunpowder might send us, with one cry of horror and agony, to our last home, without any witness to our fate, except God Himself! But, in His mercy, He kept us through all the dangers of fire and water, and brought us to the "Haven where we would be," after a five months' voyage.

I kept a journal of all that happened to us during those five months; and, on looking over it, I see that we had many pleasures, although I have since looked back on that time as the most weary and monotonous of my life. A fortnight after we left Gravesend we found ourselves sail-

ing into pleasant summer weather, which, after the cold winds and rough sea of the Channel, was a delightful change. One night Papa brought in, on his fish-hooks, some sea-weed, with phosphoric insects in it, which appeared to be little transparent maggots, but in the dark, when touched and excited, were like glittering green flame. When the sea was rough these little ocean-stars danced round our ships, sometimes gleaming on the foam of the waves, and sometimes floating in the dark hollows of the water. Some were as large as my fist, and their light like a lamp. Now and then a shoal of porpoises played games of leap-frog, and ran races within sight, and amused us very much. In calm weather curious little Medusæ, which the Captain called Portuguese men-of-war, with shells of a dark blue colour, and feelers spread out, like sails, to catch the air, floated about us; and I have seen the pink Nautilus, too, from the window of my cabin, scudding away just out of reach, as if it laughed at me, when I brought my net, and stretched out of the port-hole to catch it.

One day the sailors caught a dolphin, and we watched it change from one colour to another, as

it died on the deck: it varied from green to blue, from blue to pink, and, lastly, to silver, with patches of dark blue. South of the Cape, we fished up a bucket full of thick yellow looking stuff, which had appeared like streaks on the water for some days, and which Papa pronounced to be the food of the whale, a mass of animalculæ: some were quite colourless, except a yellow spot at the tail; others were blue, with horns, and these carried bunches of eggs on either side of their tails, which we could see without the help of the microscope. While becalmed, off Java, a great whale sported about us, amidst a shoal of little fish, and a flock of men-of-war hawks kept soaring overhead, looking out, doubtless, for a tiny fish to snap up for their breakfast.

Besides fishes, we had visits from birds of various kinds, when we were in the cold latitudes, south of the Cape—the most notable of which was the Albatross, a gigantic bird, measuring ten feet and more from tip to tip of his wings. On the water, with their long curved wings outstretched, they looked as graceful as swans: but, when drawn on deck by a line and hook, baited with salt pork, they sat helpless and clumsy, their enormous hooked bills being the

only formidable part of their appearance. If one was shot and wounded, while following the ship, his companions at once attacked him, and killed him outright, uttering hoarse cries. Papa preserved the head and feet of one he fished on board, and the sailmaker ate his flesh, which our nurse, Elizabeth, declared tasted like beef: but I think she must have been very hungry, to taste meat which smelt so rank. The head and breast of the Albatross are snow white, as well as the bill and feet, the upper part of the wings is of a dark grey, white underneath. These birds, with their greediness for lumps of salt pork, furnished us with several days' entertainment; and flocks of them, hovering, with their long wings, over the rolling billows of that troubled Southern Ocean, their white breasts rising and falling with the billows, made many a picture which an artist might have copied. What a contrast to these great ferocious birds were the little flying fish, which in sunnier latitudes sported near us, sometimes making a grand mistake in falling on the deck, when we caught them, and, after painting a copy of their bright blue bodies and gauzy wings, had the barbarity

to roast and eat them! They were very delicate morsels, but not often to be caught.

Notwithstanding these varieties, Charley, we lived the most monotonous life on board the Mary Louisa. We breakfasted at eight, and at ten all met together, to chant the Psalms for the day, or, if it were a Saint's day, for divine service. Part of the morning was occupied in studying the Malay language, and I embroidered some linen cloths for the Communion Service during the voyage, setting myself a certain task each day. At four we dined, and, when the evening closed in, we sat on deck, either talking, or singing hymns, in which the sailors would at last join us.

When it was moonlight, these evenings were very pleasant. The moon is truly the Mariner's delight. She plays at bo-peep with you behind the towers of white sails, transforming the dull decks into fairy land. The expanse of water only looks vast when the moon, sailing among clouds, varies its surface with long shadows and lakes of light; or when, on a cloudless night, the stream of brilliancy, from the horizon to the vessel, reminds you of Jacob's ladder, uniting the

sky and the little portion of earth which a ship represents. When we reached the southern hemisphere we busied ourselves with the new stars, which gradually made our acquaintance—one of our party, with a book and a dark lantern, helping the rest of us to read Heaven's map outspread. The glorious star Sirius was always our starting point. We were rather disappointed with the Southern Cross, and fancied we saw many a more regularly formed cross in other constellations; yet, when you have once seen the real Cross, you can never mistake it. On Sundays, if the weather allowed, we had divine service on deck. A flag, spread over the cuddy light, made the reading-desk: all the sailors were gathered together on the duck-coops, and we passengers sat on the chicken-coops. Papa or Mr. W——, the other clergyman of our party, preached. Papa and Mr. W—— took great pains in instructing the sailors during these five months; and, as Papa was also the physician to their bodily ailments, they all looked up to him with love and reverence; and we have found since, that, with many, the memory of his good advice did not pass away with the voyage. A ship is a parish within the compass of a very

short walk, and, although English sailors have the character of being a most godless race, I believe that there are not many men more impressible, more grateful for kindness, more open to religious convictions. Their very superstitious fancies show how firmly the belief of a spiritual world works upon them; and I have no doubt that their comparative solitariness, during those long night-watches, when they are all by turns alone, as it were, with the sky and their own consciences, makes this disposition inevitable in a sailor.

My letter promises to be as long as our voyage; but it is time it should conclude. So you may now fancy us, on the third of May, 1848, espying land, the coast of Java—not Java Head, the point of land we ought to have made, but far, far to the east, where we got into an unlucky current, which set us back in the night, as far as the light breeze took us on in the day, about thirty-six miles. At first we were puzzled to find that every morning the same high hill stood before us, when we thought, as night closed in, we had bidden it adieu; and we named it "Hill Difficulty," for it seemed as if we could not pass it. But the current explained this. The heat,

during the ten days we lay on this coast, was very hard to bear. The land shut off the breeze; the sun poured down on our heads, and made the decks too hot to touch; the sky looked like a brazen shield, under which the sea seemed to sicken and die; for there was not one ripple on its surface, but a kind of scum, on which slimy sea-snakes and unwholesome little creatures were crawling. Every night the air seemed charged with electric fluid. We had bright lightning and heavy thunder; but scarcely any rain came from the shore, where the peak of Hill Difficulty was lost in clouds. But on Friday, the 12th, we rejoiced in a fine breeze, which carried us along that odious coast, past Java Head, and into Anger Straits, the same night. We passed along a lovely coast of hills and forests, the gales so scented with spicy fragrance, that all our senses were delighted at once. We anchored off Anger, and were soon surrounded with little boats, bringing fowls, turtles, fruit, parrots, and Java sparrows. Here the dark skinned Malay, so interesting to us, was seen for the first time; and the busy chattering Chinese, making always the best bargain for his wares, amused us beyond measure. Indeed, from that time, until we

dropped anchor in Singapore harbour, on the evening of the 23rd, we could scarcely sleep for excitement. Every new island and coast in that beautiful sea, to our delighted eyes, so long accustomed to gaze on a blank of water, looked lovely and romantic. The little huts, which nestled among the trees, seemed the abode of peace and luxury; and even the great flying foxes, which passed us at night in troops, as they flew from their hiding-places, to feast on the fruit-trees of the jungle, had a friendly look to our indulgent eyes. We did not leave the ship until the morning of the 24th, and then—as we rowed toward shore amidst the ships of all nations lying in that harbour, from the English man-of-war of 1200 tons, to the Chinese junk with its great eye painted in the stern, to keep it from evil chances—the hearty "one cheer more for Mr. M'Dougall," fell on our ears like a blessing, sending us on our way, with cheerful hearts, to our new home, and untried work.

Good bye for the present, my little boy,

From your affectionate Mother,

H. M'D.

SINGAPORE.

LETTER II.

SINGAPORE.

February, 1851.

My dearest Charley,

My last letter told you how gladly we landed at Singapore, after our five months' voyage in the Mary Louisa. The island of Singapore lies close to the Malayan Peninsula, and is about twenty-seven miles long, and fifteen broad. It commands a lovely view of sea and wooded islets, with the hilly outline of the coast in the distance. The ground rises in gentle hills from the sea-shore; and these rising grounds are covered with plantations and gardens, and crowned with pretty English Bungalows—looking so cool, with their white walls and green verandahs, that the whole place seems a pleasure ground. You see two handsome churches from the bay, as you approach: one is the English, the other the Roman-Catholic Church. In front of the sea is a carriage-drive and esplanade, and a well-kept green enclosure, where

there are cricket matches, and where the military band plays at certain times, when the regiment, stationed in the Straits, is fortunate enough to possess one. Handsome houses, with gardens about them, overlook this esplanade, and a flag-staff surmounts the Government Hill, in front of the Bungalow where the Governor lives.

Singapore is certainly a pretty spot, and as, during several visits there, Papa and I have met with much kindness from many excellent people, we regard it with affection, and as a little peep into the busy world, now and then, from the calm solitude of our Sarawak home. We had to wait for a month at Singapore, until the schooner Julia could take us to Sarawak, during which time we lived at an hotel on the beach; and it was amusement enough to me to watch the passers by, thronged, as Singapore is, by people of all nations. First you may see some Chinese, in their loose blue trousers, white jackets, and white straw hats, with a long plaited tail of hair hanging down behind—then some Parsees, in flowing white dresses, and a curious cap on their heads, shaped something like a bishop's mitre, and looking as if it were made of oil-cloth. Next comes a Bengalee, with his black skin, tall

slight form, and white muslin garments, and a great scarlet, or white, turban on his head. After him may follow a Jew from Armenia, richly dressed in fine shawl, turban, and sash, with long robes, and with a form and face equally handsome. Besides these, Portuguese, Germans, French, and English, Malays, and wild people called Orang Laut, who live in boats, and wear scarcely any clothes at all, present themselves one after another. The Europeans dress entirely in white, with pith hats, to shield them from the sun, which, as Singapore is only eighty miles from the equator, is the most dangerous enemy to brains undefended by the thick skull and thicker head-dresses of eastern nations.

There is a Chinese town, and a Kling, or Indian, town. The shops on either side of the streets are called the Bazaar. In one street you see only vegetables and fruit for sale—in another, pork—in another, cakes and sweetmeats, which do not look at all tempting to English palates, being more like cakes of yellow soap, or lumps of dirt (or mud pies, Charley, such as you manufacture sometimes of Suffolk clay), than anything fit to eat. They are compounded of rice-flour, coarse sugar, cocoa-nuts, and oil. Some

stalls are full of pine-apples, cut into curious shapes and slices—great green water-melons, with pink watery pulp, very pleasant to thirsty people—Jack fruit, so large that a man cannot carry more than two at a time, slung over his shoulders, and the pulpy seeds of which are very rich and high flavoured, but also very strong-scented. These last are, however, delicate, compared to the Durian, the famous fruit of the Straits, which, Papa says, tastes like a mixture of rotten eggs, sugar, and onions: I can only say that it smells detestable, for I have never tasted it. Far different is the Mangosteen, another fruit peculiar to the Straits, which has a purple rind, and a fruit lying inside, transparent as a large opal, and as pleasant to the taste as it is pretty. So much for the fruit-market. There is also a bazaar for glass, crockery, cottons, muslins, and silks, and where you may see all sorts of odd things, more curious than beautiful. Scattered here and there, amongst these bazaars, you see little shabby houses, with curtains hung before the windows, and "Opium Shop" written over the door! These places are frequented chiefly by the Chinese, who smoke opium till they are quite tipsy

or insensible. The more they smoke, the less they care for anything else. They grow thin, and have a care-worn, miserable look, which, if they indulge much in this habit, you cannot mistake, and it kills many of them at last.

The heat, noise, and bustle, of these bazaars are not very pleasant. We were always glad to escape from them, into the more airy roads out of town, along which, if you drive far enough, you get into the wild woods, which have not yet been cut down and burnt, and may even chance to see a tiger spring across the road. There are many tigers in the island of Singapore, still lurking in the jungle, or even in the copses near English plantations. The poor convicts, who work on the roads in the interior of the Island, are often frightened, and sometimes carried off, and eaten, by these savage beasts. The Malays make deep pits with sharp sticks at the bottom, to catch and impale tigers; or they bait traps, like cages, with a dog or monkey: for the Singapore Government pays fifty dollars for a tiger's head, and the merchants add fifty more, to induce people to hunt and kill them. It is said that 360 human lives are lost in the course of the year, by the depredations of these monsters;

and many are the tales told of narrow escapes in the jungle, where the Chinese clear ground, and plant gardens of vegetables, sirih, coffee, or gambier. During our last visit to Singapore, two Chinamen cleared a space in the woods for a garden; but, being mightily afraid of tigers, one worked, while the other beat a metal drum called a gong, the noise of which they thought would scare them away. One day the working man heard the gong cease, and, looking up, he beheld man and gong both carried off by a large tiger. Papa, one day, joined a party of friends, in climbing a hill called Bukit Timah before sunrise, that they might see the view from thence. Papa was a little behind the rest of the party on a pony, when he smelt a tiger close to him. Having no weapon in his hand, and the peons with muskets being on before, Papa galloped after them, and told them he was sure there was a tiger in the thicket; which, indeed, was true enough, for, as they returned, the marks of his great paws were indented across the road, just where Papa smelt him, and very close he must have been, but he did not venture to show himself.

The country houses at Singapore are all sur-

rounded by plantations of spice-trees, cloves, cinnamon, and nutmegs, especially the latter. The young plantation has a stiff formal appearance, as the shrubs are planted at equal distances, with a little shed over each to protect them from the weather; but, as the nutmegs grow tall, the sheds are dispensed with, and then I do not know a more beautiful shrub. It resembles a laurel in its leaf, and the fruit hangs in clusters like half-ripe apricots: the shell cracks, and you see the bright red mace peeping out, which holds the kernel wrapped up in its folds. The cinnamon trees are of a paler green, the new leaves soft pink and most fragrant; and the clove trees very nearly resemble the nutmeg, except that they are smaller. Every day servants go round the plantations, picking up the fallen nuts, which are very valuable. They dry the mace in the sun, when it loses its bright red colour; the shells are boiled down with sugar, and make a fine jelly, which we eat, instead of red-currant jelly, with roast mutton. These spice plantations have made many fine fortunes in the Straits: but it takes twelve years' outlay and patience, before the trees begin to yield; and meanwhile they require a great deal of care and

labour bestowed upon them. They certainly give the ground a very garden-like and cultivated appearance. I must not close my letter about Singapore, without telling you that it was first settled, as an English colony, by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1819, and by him made a free port for the ships of all nations; by which I mean, that merchants pay no public customs or taxes, for any kind of goods landed there. This has made it such a favourite harbour for merchant ships, and such a thriving trading colony, that it has for many years past proved the foresight and wisdom of the founder.

There is one little spot at Singapore, more dear to Papa and me, than all the plain besides. This is the English Cemetery, a beautiful garden on the side of a hill, where was buried our dear child Harry. He died at Singapore, at the age of three years, in 1850. A cross of granite marks the grave, and a jessamine bush, transplanted from our garden at Sarawak, grows beside it.

Good bye, Charley,

From your loving Mama.

LETTER III.

ARRIVAL AT SARAWAK.

March, 1851.

MY DEAR BOY,

We embarked in a schooner called the Julia, on the 19th of June, 1848; and, after ten days' tedious sailing under a hot sun, we entered the Marotabas river, which leads into the Sarawak. You must now get the Atlas, and find the great island of Borneo, the largest in the Eastern Archipelago, and, indeed, in the world, except Australia. Its area is larger than that of France, and its shape is a kind of square. You will perceive that, considering its size, there are not many names of places marked on it, except along the coasts. What is known of the island is principally from ships visiting the mouths of the rivers: for, although both the English and Dutch have taken possession of different parts of the coast, the English have not ventured far inland, and the Dutch, who have explored it more, have kept their discoveries

very secret, lest the riches of the country should excite the cupidity of others; so that all which is known of the interior, is from the accounts of the natives themselves. They say that there are beautiful lakes lying amongst the mountains, and that the inhabitants are so numerous, that a man may walk across the country, and sleep in a fresh village every night. Perhaps you will wonder why no European has yet tried to do this; and so used I to do, till I knew how impassable a new country is. If you ascend a high hill, from which you can see for many milés round, a great mass of forest stretches itself below your feet. The tops of the trees, growing close together, make one flat green mass without a break; except where the rivers, like silver threads, wind their way among the trees, and on their banks you may spy, here and there, clusters of huts, or blue smoke curling up in the air, which marks a human dwelling. The Dyaks, or inhabitants of the country, do indeed make a way through the jungle, from one village to another, by laying down trunks of small trees, and clearing away the boughs on either side of this path: but it is very difficult walking for any but native feet. The poles, which they lay

down, are round and slippery; the path, thus made, is not more than a foot wide, and often there are gaps, so that it requires a succession of jumps from one pole to another, rather than a steady pace; and, if you miss your footing, you are very likely to go plump up to your waist in the swampy ground on either side. The Dyaks are so used to it, that they carry great weights over these slippery paths without difficulty, and over their bridges too, which are even worse than the paths. Imagine a few canes of bamboo, swinging in the air over a chasm, with perhaps a torrent of water roaring beneath, and nothing to ensure the safety of your footing, but, now and then, a thin bamboo, fastened to the rocks or trees, on either side, for a balustrade, to take hold of—and you have a Dyak bridge. You must walk across it with your feet well turned out in the first position, and neither looking down at the perils below, nor nervously grasping your bamboo balustrade, which is not meant to be pulled at, but only to give a more comfortable look to the bridge. A Dyak would not think of touching it; his feet lay hold of the bamboos like leather suckers, and he stalks across with a heavy laden tambuk (native basket) on his back,

laughing at the poor Englishman, in shoes and stockings, behind him.

The readiest way of exploring such a country as this is by ascending the rivers in boats. The rivers are many of them so large, that ships of great burthen might go up for many miles. In some of them, nature has placed an obstacle to this, by a great bar of sand, which stretches across the mouth of the river, and over which a ship can only float at high tide. In the Sakarran, Sadong, and other rivers, there is another danger to boats and small vessels, which we call the Bore, and the natives, Benna. It is an enormous wave, twelve feet high and more, which comes up with the first flood tide, and, with irresistible force, sweeps all before it. At Sakarran, there are only two places of refuge from this great wave known to the natives; and it is highly dangerous for any boat to go up without a guide. Many lives have been lost, even amongst the Dyaks themselves, from carelessness about the Bore and its follower, a smaller wave, which they call Anak Benna, the child of the Bore. Just before one of Papa's visits to Sakarran, two Dyak boats, ascending the river. were racing against one another. They had waited until both the Benna and Anak Benna

had passed by, and thought themselves quite safe. But Dyak boats, paddled at racing pace, are very swift, and, before they were aware of their danger, both boats were hurried into the vortex of the little Bore, and sucked under its waters, not one of the twenty men, who were on board, escaping with life. At the north of Borneo, we know that there are fine open plains, with herds of wild cattle on them. In another part Elephants have been seen; the natives bring their tusks for barter, which they find shed in the jungle. And, no doubt, there are many wonders of nature in parts where European foot never trod. There is something sublime in the thought of wide forests, plains, and rivers, where no human being lives—where evil deeds never cursed the ground for man's sake—and where the songs of birds, the chirping of insects, the rush of waters, and the sighing of the wind amongst the trees, are the only sounds which have broken the stillness of the air for hundreds of years, if not since the very creation of the world: even such nooks there may be in this large island. But how much better it would be, if the voices of men, women, and children made these solitudes echo with songs of praise, or the longings of their hearts after Him who

made them—if words of kindness, and acts of mercy made the angels of God rejoice over the place! Such blessings may one day dawn on the vast land of Borneo, when good men, with the love of God in their hearts, leave their Christian homes, for the sake of extending Christ's Kingdom all over the earth—when they teach the native tribes to cultivate the good land which God has given them, and to turn the jungle into fields, pastures, and orchards, towns and villages, with churches and school-houses amongst the trees.

Well, as I said before, we entered the river of Sarawak on the 29th of June. Papa and the Captain of the Julia, got into a boat and rowed immediately up to the town, leaving us in the schooner to pursue our way more cautiously; for there are several ugly rocks to be avoided, and the river winds so much, that it requires careful navigation. In some parts the scenery was very pretty. Trees grew down to the water's edge, some in flower, some in fruit. Here and there the trees were cut down, without the stumps being rooted out, that paddy (rice in the husk) might be planted. These clearings became more frequent as we approached the town, and cottages, built of wood and palm leaves, with plenty of

little dark-skinned children peeping out, looked very snug by the river side. Then, over the trees, blue hills would rise so high, that they wore a nightcap of clouds, and lower wooded heights gave us a pleasant idea of the undulations of the ground. You may be sure our eyes strove to find beauties as we approached our new home; and I never felt more contented, than when we turned the last corner of the reach before the town, and there lay Sarawak before us.

The first object is the Fort, a white building with six formidable cannon, peeping out from the port-holes; and a soldier, pacing up and down the gravel in front, hails every arriving boat. He did not challenge us, however. We had been long looked for, and, at that time, the schooner 'Julia' was the only means of regular monthly communication between Sarawak and Singapore. We were kindly welcomed at the house of Sir James Brooke, our English Rajah, although he was then at Singapore. How cool and airy the rooms of that wooden Bungalow seemed, after the hot close cabins of the schooner! The roses and jessamines, which grew luxuriantly under the verandahs, perfumed the air, and the flights of cooing blue and white pigeons, which had their

dovecot near the house, gave us a gentle greeting.

The town of Sarawak is so called after the main river on which it stands: but its proper name is Kuching, from a streamlet or feeder, which enters the Sarawak just below the fort, and bears this name Kuching, which in Malay means a cat—why, I cannot say, except that the inhabitants are as fond of fish as cats generally are. On one side of the river is the Chinese Town, the Kling Bazaar, the Mosques, or Mahometan houses of prayer, the Court of justice, and most of the native dwelling-houses. On two gentle rising grounds, farther away from the river, now stand the Church and the Mission-house; but these grounds were covered with jungle, when we reached Kuching. On the other side, amidst gardens, and fruit trees, stands the Rajah's house, and several other pretty Bungalows, belonging to English gentlemen, and in the back ground is a fine belt of jungle, and the blue hill of Santubong, nodding its head to the Rajah's house. There is no bridge over the river. Every body keeps boats, and every native can paddle himself or herself up or down the river, with their little short broad-shaped oars or paddles. Even little children, smaller than you,

can jump into a boat and paddle; and, if the boat upsets, which it often does, with restless boys in it, the urchins swim by the side, until they can turn the boat right-side up, bale the water out, and jump in again. I hope you will learn to swim one day: it is not only a healthful exercise, but gives safety and confidence on the water.

While I am talking of boats, I may as well give you an account of the annual boat-races here. They take place on the 1st of January, and are encouraged by the Rajah and all the English, as a good amusement and exercise for the Malays and Dyaks. For months before they are busy building racing-boats. There are always some new ones, but sometimes a boat gets a reputation for being a winner, and then she is in great request. Early in the morning, on that day, you may see boats, newly painted, with a few men in them, beating little gongs, which are sounded to collect the rowers. The largest boats are allowed to have any number of rowers—sometimes as many as forty or fifty. The man, who sits at the stern, uses his paddle to steer with, as they have no rudder. By eleven o'clock all the crews are collected. Each Datu, or Officer of State, has his boat manned

by his dependants, and those who live in his *campong* (or cluster of houses): but the great men themselves are only spectators; they do not row in the boats. They are all arranged in line abreast the Rajah's house, where a flag is flying, and from which a cannon fired gives the signal for starting. The distance is marked by a boat decked with flags, moored off the fort, in the middle of the river. Round this boat they have to turn, and the goal is the Rajah's wharf. As the clock strikes twelve the cannon is fired, and off set the boats at a wonderful pace. The paddles throw such a cloud of spray as to conceal the rowers. The men shout; the lookers-on cry out, first to one, then to the other; sometimes a boat runs foul of another, which fills with water, and you see thirty or forty men all sprawling in the river; but, though by this they lose the race, they are soon all in the boat again, and ready for another start. When the winning boat arrives at the Rajah's steps for the prize-money, the men all throw up their paddles in the air, and yell; I cannot call it a shout—it so little resembles an English hurrah—but it means the same thing. After this race of large boats succeed many others, with smaller and smaller

crews, until the last is a race of tiny *sampans* with one man in each. The final one, however, is another trial for all the big boats, which lost the first race. One man will often pull in several races; and, considering how little hard work a Malay is capable of, it is plain that more skill and dexterity, than strength, is employed in paddling: but they use all they have on this occasion. I have been twice present at these races, and admired the perfect good humour with which our Malays either win or lose; although they esteem the credit of winning as much as an English boat's crew would do. This day's sport serves to talk of throughout the year, and the winning boat is looked upon with great respect.

Good bye, dear child,

Your loving Mama,

H. M'D.

LETTER IV.

THE MALAYS.

April, 1851.

My dearest Charley,

Not many years ago, the very name of a *Malay* suggested the idea of a bad, cruel, and revengeful man, who, always wearing a sharp knife, called a *cris*, at his girdle, did not scruple to plunge it into the heart of any one who offended him. That great and good man, Sir Stamford Raffles, from his intimate knowledge of the Malays of Java and Sumatra, may be considered as the first who set their character in a just and true light; and our own Rajah, Sir James Brooke, who treats all men, Malays, Dyaks, or Europeans, as brothers, has taught the world that a "Malay has as kind and susceptible a heart as an Englishman, and that, when well governed, and living at peace, they are amiable, fond of children, courteous to strangers, and grateful for kindness." It is true that they have some cunning in their disposition, and

that, occasionally, a Malay gives way to passion, till he becomes almost mad; and then, seizing any sword or *cris* that lies in his way, he will rush from his house, and maim, or kill, as many people as he meets. But this madness, which is called Amok, or, in English, "running a muck," is now very rare at Sarawak, since the Malays have been well governed. Formerly, injustice and oppression drove them to despair and desperate actions. There is also, I think, another reason for this peculiar trait in the Malay character. The Malays indulge their children excessively. I do not think they love them better than other parents, for true love does not lead to foolish indulgence: but they are an indolent people, and will not take the trouble of correcting their little ones; so that, if a child has naturally a violent temper, it is never checked, and, growing worse and worse, becomes at times a madness. I have seen a little Malay girl, in her rage, twist her hands in her mother's long hair, and pull it till the woman cried out with pain: yet, when I released her, she did not punish the naughty child, but kissed her, and indulged the very whim which caused this outbreak of temper. Another day I saw a little

boy in such a passion that he threw himself into the river, and there kicked and screamed, till I thought he would be drowned. But, when his father at last persuaded him to get into a boat, he did not rebuke him for his passion. Such children as these, if they grow up to be men and women, might be expected, if much offended, to run a muck; for they have never been taught self-control. The Scripture says, "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." Be thankful, therefore, my dear child, that you are under the wise and gentle restraints of a Christian education.

The Malays live in houses made of the leaves of the nepa palm, and perched on poles, to take them off the ground—or the water, for they are very fond of building where the tide will run under the house. This is one of their lazy habits; for the flooring of their rooms is made of an open lattice of laths, laid across beams through which they can sweep all the dirt of the house, and the tide, washing up, carries it away. Some of the rich men's houses, however, are better than these, since the Rajah has taught them to build with planked walls, to use substantial posts instead of nibong palm stems, and

shingles of *balean*, or iron-wood, which look something like English slates, instead of leaf-roofs. But, inside, most of the houses are very comfortable. You must not fancy that a house in this country is wretched, because it is made of leaves. On the contrary, it is cool and pleasant; we want no shelter here, except from rain and sun, and *nepa attaps* keep both these out. The Malays use no heavy furniture: tables, chairs, bookcases, or bedsteads, are unknown wants to them. Nice white mats, spread on the floor—piles of cushions to sit and lie on—a few shelves perhaps—and a great calico mosquito curtain, with very gay trimmings round the top, to sleep under—are the extent of their wants. They have boxes to keep their clothes and treasures in—wooden and brass trays, with lids gaily painted, to carry food—pieces of bamboo to carry water. The bamboo is a large hollow cane, with a division at every joint; so that it has only to be cut into lengths, to make all sorts of useful things.

Round their houses, the Malays plant a few cocoa-nut trees, and Pinang or Betel nuts. The Cocoa-nut gives them oil and milk. If they want milk from it, they grate the nut and mix it up

with water, until the water has a white milky appearance; if oil, they boil this milk until the oil rises to the top, when they skim it off. This oil they burn for light, and fry their fish and cakes in it: they also steep sweet-scented flowers in it, to anoint their hair and their skins. Before the nut is ripe, and the kernel formed, it is full of a sparkling and most refreshing water, which all people, whether Malays or English, enjoy, as a cooling draught, on a hot day. The Betel Nut, which is a very tall and graceful palm, has a great bunch of yellow-husked nuts under its crown of leaves. The natives chew these nuts with lime, tobacco, and a hot aromatic leaf, called Sirih, which mixture turns their mouths of a bright red colour, like blood. It has a strong smell, but, I believe, a very soothing effect; and it is the occupation of all their leisure time, and the amusement of all their social parties, to chew it. But it is a nasty habit; for a Malay, chewing Sirih, is constantly squirting red juice out of his mouth, and his upper lip is pushed out of shape by a lump of tobacco—all which, added to a curious custom they have, of filing their teeth very short, and staining them black, makes his mouth as dis-

agreeable a feature as it can well be. They like smoking tobacco, too, rolling it up in a strip of palm leaf; but they never drink wine, beer, or spirits. They are very moderate and simple in their food, living on rice, fish, vegetables, and fruits. Wild leaves out of the jungle furnish them with acid, or bitter salads, which they like: but the flesh of deer, goats, or chickens, is only an occasional delicacy. Pigs, ducks, and all creatures which the Jews were taught to consider unclean, are their abhorrence: if they wish to taunt another, they say, "He eats pork;" and to be called a pig is a great insult to them.

As the Malays live so much on fish, you may be sure they are clever fishermen. In the river they use a casting-net for this purpose. I have often watched them engaged in this graceful exercise. One man paddles the boat, while another stands at the prow, with the large fine net gathered in his hands. When he comes to a likely place in the river he poises himself so as to keep a firm footing, and throws the net, which falls in a wide circle on the water, and entangles everything within its space. Then he immediately begins to draw it in again, picking out the fish, or prawns, as he meets with them. Out at the

mouth of the river the Malays erect fishing-stakes, which they visit at every low tide, to take the fish caught in the net of rattan, which is spread between them. But, about twice in the year, there is a kind of fishing festival, which the Malays enjoy beyond everything, and in which the English do not hesitate to partake: this is called a *tuba* fishing.

Tuba is the root of a climbing plant, which has a narcotic, stupifying property. The Malays collect a quantity of this root, and take it in their boats to the mouth of some river, two or three days before full moon, when there is a spring tide, that is to say, when there is the lowest and highest tide in the month. While the tide is ebbing, they are very busy mashing the *tuba* root in water, at the bottom of their boats. It makes a milky-looking fluid, which, just before the tide turns, they throw into the river. The flowing tide, bringing up the fish from the sea into the river, meets this strong dose of opiate, and the little fishes immediately float, stupified, on the surface of the water. Gradually the *tuba* sends the larger fish also into a trance; and, as soon as they float, the Malays dart upon them with long spears, transfix them,

and throw them into their boats. This causes a most animated scene. The fish, feeling the wound of the spear, half wakes out of its lethargy, and plunges along the water, sometimes dragging the man out of his boat. Little boys, as small as you, Charley, are active in this sport; and Papa saw a child run his spear at so large a fish, that he could not draw it into his boat; but, after a grand battle, he jumped into the water, fairly clasped the big fish in his arms, and carried it off. A Malay will often catch from thirty to fifty good-sized fishes, besides smaller ones of all sorts, as one boat's prize; and, as there may be seventy boats at one fishing, you may imagine the number caught. The little ones are brought up in baskets full, and not counted. Then ensues a grand salting and drying of fish in the sun. Their dose of *tuba* does not make them in the least unwholesome as food.

The clothes worn by the Malay men and women are very graceful, and suitable to the climate. The men use a handkerchief of some dark colour, edged with gold lace or fringe, twisted into a turban, round their heads—loose trousers, of striped cotton or silk, according to the wealth of the

wearer—a white calico or silk jacket—and a sarong or long scarf, sewn together at the ends, which the Malay women weave in pretty checks or tartans, gathered in graceful folds round the waist—and, sticking up from this last, is the *cris*, without which no Malay gentleman would consider himself dressed, though the poorer sort sometimes wear a *parang* or long knife, for cutting jungle, in its stead. They use neither shoes nor stockings, nor feel the want of them in this warm climate; for the soles of their feet get as thick as the soles of our shoes, from continually walking on them. I have often envied them the ease, with which they go with bare feet over slippery places, holding on with their toes, which are like another set of fingers to them. Nevertheless, I must confess, that the exposure of the feet to rough walking sometimes gives them sad cracks in the thick-skinned sole and heel, which are very tedious to cure, and painful, too, to bear. So, after all, our civilised ways are best.

The Malay women often wear very gay dresses of purple satin, and bright silk *sarongs* interwoven with gold thread. Their jackets are almost covered in front with gold ornaments, and the sleeves with gold buttons, made like flowers.

As for the children, until they are five or six years of age, they only wear clothes on great occasions, unless a string of silver coins, or silver anklets, can be called clothes. However, a little girl is quite dressed enough, if she has a *sarong* fastened round her waist; and a boy, if he wears cotton trousers. This light clothing, so suitable to the climate, saves them a great deal of trouble. They constantly jump into the water, and have a swim or game of fun, without fear of spoiling what they wear. Men, women, and children, are all great bathers; some of their prayers are repeated, as they stand in the river, washing their faces, noses, teeth, &c.: for by this means Mahomet, their Lawgiver and Prophet, ensured the cleanliness of his disciples, which is even more necessary in a warm country than in England.

In appearance, the Malays are not much favoured by nature. I remember thinking them very ugly when I first arrived at Sarawak; and that the Orang-Utans, of whom they are so fond, must be first cousins of theirs, from their resemblance. However, I wronged the Malays; for they have nearly all well-shaped heads, and wide foreheads, which no kind of monkey can possess. They have also a gentle and intelligent expres-

sion; their noses are rather flat and too small, and the lower jaw advances, which gives them somewhat of the Orang-Utan look. Their figures are slight, but they walk well, and the higher classes are graceful and dignified in their movements: indeed, the manners of all are free from rudeness, and even the poorest boatmen or fishermen are as light-hearted and merry as children. They enjoy a joke, and, being all in easy circumstances, with all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, and no hard toil either for their heads or their hands, I think we may consider them a happy people. In my next, I will tell you about their religion.

LETTER V.

THE RELIGION OF THE MALAYS.

May, 1851.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

The Malays are by religion Mahometans. A Mahometan believes in the one True and Great GOD; but he thinks that our Saviour JESUS CHRIST was only a Prophet, like Daniel or Isaiah, and that Mahomet was the last and greatest of all Prophets, who wrote a book, called the Koran, which they read and believe, as we do the Bible. Mahomet gave them a great many laws in the Koran, some good, some bad—amongst others, the directions about food, drink, and bathing, which I mentioned in a former letter: these were certainly good on the whole, for strong drinks, and indulgence in eating, are very unhealthy, especially in a warm climate, such as Arabia, where Mahomet lived, or Sarawak, where we live. The Malays have a house of prayer, or Mosque, at Sarawak, and the Klings, who are Mahometans of another sect, have one also. They are much

more attentive to their religion, since we came here, than they used to be before. Some years ago, the Mosque had almost fallen to decay, and the people were not at all disposed to give money to build it up again; but now the Mosque is quite a good-looking building, and they have lately surmounted it with a great brass ball, which glitters in the sun, and draws all eyes to it. Since our church-bell has called the few Christians in the place twice every day to public worship, the Hadjis, or Priests, have insisted on their people also attending daily service in the Mosque, and fined them in rice and fowls, if they failed in the due observance of their stated hours of prayer; and now you hear, before and after sunrise, and before and after sunset, a man calling from the top of the Mosque, in Arabic—'It is the hour of prayer: there is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet.' This is their confession of faith, as the Apostles' Creed is ours.

At sunset, you may see the Malays, who happen to be on the river at the time, praying in their boats, kneeling down on their praying-mats, prostrating their foreheads, and rising again several times, their faces turned towards Mecca, where is the sacred tomb of their prophet. Meanwhile,

they repeat Arabic prayers, which by the bye, they do not understand, nor the Koran either, except such parts as the Hadjis have learnt to explain to them; for it was one of Mahomet's laws, that the Koran, being written in the purest Arabic, could not be translated into other languages, without being spoilt. What a contrast to our Holy Scriptures, which are, perhaps, the only Book in the world, which is beautiful in all languages, and applicable to every nation of mankind, as we might expect God's message to be! Mahomet taught his religion first to his own people, the Arabians; but he told them not to keep it to themselves, but to become missionaries all over the earth. So, after his death, as they were a very strong and warlike people, they over-ran all the neighbouring countries, and obliged their inhabitants, whom they overcame in battle, to embrace their religion, at the edge of their sharp swords. Their prisoners only escaped with their lives, by becoming converts to their faith—'There is one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet.'

Any man, who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, a city in Arabia where Mahomet lived, and has there learnt certain forms of prayer and passages of the Koran, becomes a Priest, or Hadji, and so

the teachers are often nearly as ignorant as the scholars. This pilgrimage to Mecca is another of Mahomet's laws, which he intended to be universal; but it is easy to see, that, when countries far from Arabia embraced his faith, the inhabitants could not all make such a distant and fatiguing journey: the poor would want money, the sickly strength, to perform it, and the occupations of many would prevent so long an absence. Thus when men make laws in religious matters, they are sure to become hard and painful penances; but God's 'yoke is easy and His burden light.' Mecca was, even before Mahomet's time, considered a holy place, and had a Caaba, or temple, in it, which was said to have been built by Abraham and his son Ishmael. There is a black stone in this temple, on which they pretend to show the print of Abraham's foot, and here too, they say, Abraham offered his son as a sacrifice, in obedience to God's command: only they think that Ishmael, not Isaac, was the beloved son offered. This tradition arises from their being descendants of Ishmael, and therefore wishing to do him honour. It is astonishing how many poor Mahometans manage to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. They endure the greatest hardships

from heat and starvation, in little wretched vessels, to reach this blessed place. Many of them die of want or disease: but those, who live to return to their own land, are treated with respect, and constitute, as I said before, the schoolmasters of the children, and teachers of their religion. They marry, bury, and circumcise, as our clergymen marry, bury, and baptize. They conduct the prayer-meetings, and preside at the great feast, which takes place once a year, when the month of fasting is over. This holy month of fasting and prayer is one of the most important rites of the Mahometan religion, and very strictly observed: no person, arrived at man's estate, is allowed to taste food or drink, while the sun is above the horizon.

At Sarawak, the sun rises at six o'clock and sets at six o'clock, with only a few minutes' variation throughout the year. We have no long and short days, no hours of twilight, as you have in England; because we live just at the middle, or broadest part of the earth, which always shows the same face to the sun. (You will understand, one day, what is meant by living near the Equator.) For these twelve hours, from six to six, our Malays eat nothing, nor drink even water,

nor chew their favourite Betel-nut and Sirih, nor smoke. How they watch for the sunset, you may fancy! Last summer, Papa, some friends, and I, went an excursion up the river during the fasting month. We had two boats, one pulled by nine boys, the other by seven men. The boys did not fast, but ate fruit, and drank, when they were thirsty; but the crew of men tasted nothing, and, by the time we reached the Battu Tikus (rat stones) by the river's side, where we staid the night, these poor fellows were quite exhausted. They began to get their food ready long before they might eat it; and, when the pots of rice were cooked, and the fish, and little messes they ate with it, all prepared, they sat on their heels round the feast, watching the sun. I was also sitting with my watch in my hand, ready to call out when it told six; and it was a pleasure to see them eat their meal, having, as they thought, fulfilled the day's painful duty. They rose again before the sun, to eat another slight meal, and so get through the next day. But you may always see that the men get thinner and paler, even through their dark skins, at the end of the fasting month; and Papa says that at that time many come to him for physic, whose

ailments are entirely owing to their rigorous fasting. Besides fasting, during this month, they have frequent prayer-meetings at night. The men all stand round the room or mosque, wherein the meeting takes place; the Hadji stands in the middle. Then he begins to say slowly, in Arabic, the name of God—"Allah-il-Allah." The men all repeat with him, but they gradually say it faster and faster, till, at last, the words are not audible, only a kind of jerk in their voice: they never stop, until quite exhausted, and some even fall on the floor insensible from fatigue. What senseless prayer is this! It reminds one of the priests of Baal, in Elijah's time, who called upon the name of their God, from morning until evening; and in their excitement cut themselves with knives, so that the blood gushed out upon them: "*but none answered*," nor can we think that such prayers are pleasing to God, who looks at our hearts.

There is one more peculiarity in the Mahometan religion, which I must mention, because it influences their character very much. They believe that every thing that happens to them, sickness or sorrow, good or bad fortune, was decreed before the world was made, and that

nothing that they can do will change it. This makes them consider all exertion, or painstaking, useless; and their whole religion only a submission to God's unbending will. The other day, one of the Datu's children was taken ill in the night, and in a few hours it died. The Datu was very grieved; but when he was asked, why he did not take the child to the doctor, or try any remedies for it, he said, "What was the use? no doubt God had called the child, and he must go." It is, indeed, true, that God orders all that happens to us, of joy and grief. But He does so, to make us act for ourselves, that by our exertions, our prayers, our faith in Him, we may turn our sorrows to blessings, and wake our slow hearts from the sleep of selfishness to the activity of love. The Mahometans repeat prayers five times in a day. One of these prayers is called the "prayer of Jesus," but it is not what we call the Lord's Prayer. They say that Christ is to come again at the end of the world, and judge all men, and that, after the judgment, all mankind will believe the true religion, or Islam. Here we see a glimmering of truth; for we are told in the Bible, that the time will come, when

'the Earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea'.

Before I close this letter, I must tell you how the Mahometans may become examples to us. I think we must admire—1st, their constant recollection of God in frequent prayer;—2nd, their self denial in the Fasting Month;—3rd, their charity, for they consider it a great duty to give alms to the poor. Mahometans have often had cause to say of Christians living amongst them. 'These men neither pray nor fast; such duties are evidently no part of their religion.' I trust this will never be said at Sarawak. We have now a beautiful Church, and the bell calls us there, to worship God, at six o'clock every morning, and at five every evening. Neither is there anything, in this quiet happy place, to prevent us from thus living in God's presence; for we are out of the hurry and bustle of the world, and can so apportion our time, as not to be overburdened by the cares, or the pleasures, of this life. When you are older, you will like to read the life of Mahomet, and the history of his followers, who were great warriors, and some of them great and noble men.

LETTER VI.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF BORNEO.

July, 1851.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

Borneo is a country rich in some of the most valuable productions of nature. In the hills there are mines of iron, tin, and antimony-ore, a valuable and scarce mineral, used chiefly in the manufacture of type for printing. There are, no doubt, stores of gold, too, in the hills; for the mountain-streams wash down gold-dust, and small fragments of the pure metal, into the plains, where the Chinese collect it, by washing the soil in little ditches, which carry off the lighter earth, and leave the gold at the bottom of the ditch.

Diamonds are constantly found. Most Malays wear diamond rings on their fingers, and the rich men present their wives with a set of diamond studs for their jackets, or with earrings made like studs, to fasten into the ear by a little screw nut. A favorite mode of borrowing money amongst the Malays, is to pawn their wives' gold

and diamond ornaments, which they redeem when the trading venture proves successful. They constantly pay for goods in gold-dust instead of money. The mode some Dyaks adopt of measuring an amas of dust, value one dollar, is by stuffing one nostril with it, which they then dexterously blow out again; their wide open nostrils make this an easier operation than we should find it.

Besides these valuable minerals Borneo furnishes a peculiar kind of camphor, which is useful in medicine. It is found in the stem of a large forest tree, and the Chinese are willing to pay an enormous price for it. The *rattan*, which makes the bottoms of chairs and sofas, is a climbing palm, growing in Bornean forests, and sent by ship-loads to Europe. But the king of the jungle is the *tapang* tree: its magnificent stem is often more than 150 feet high, before it branches; and the natural buttresses, at the bottom of the stem, are thick enough to furnish planks of sufficient size to make a billiard table. Mr. C—— has a table, made out of one of these planks, which will dine fourteen people comfortably. The wood is like dark old oak, and takes a high polish.

The Dyaks, however, do not often fell the tapang trees; for on their summits the wild bees build their nests: from whence they can overlook the fields of flowers, which the lower trees of the jungle spread before them continually, and which help them to make, I think, the finest flavoured honey in the world, and this honey, and the bees-wax, are great articles of commerce. The Dyaks mount these enormous tapang trees, and rob the nests of honey and wax—quite regardless of the stings they get in the operation. Indeed, it is considered a good exercise for the courage and endurance of the Dyak boys, who are as proud as little Spartans of bearing the pain without complaint. Before they ascend the tree they make a blazing fire underneath; for, say they, "the bee is fond of gold, and, when he espies the flames and sparks, he thinks a hoard of treasure is beneath the tree, and leaves his nest to fetch it." Doubtless, the wood smoke drives the bees out of their nest.

Large quantities of bees-wax are exported from Borneo every year, passing from the hands of the Dyaks to the Malays, who give them in exchange salt, or brass rings, gongs, etc. The *Sago Palm*, which grows luxuriantly in the

forests, furnishes us with wholesome food. Sago is the pith of this tree, taken out before it flowers and fruits; for the flower exhausts the nourishing pith, and the tree decays when the fruit is ripe. Having cut out the pith, and washed it, the natives pack it up in little pottle-shaped parcels, and bury them in the mud by the sides of the rivers. Here it undergoes a process of fermentation, which would make most people, who smelt it, fancy it was no longer fit for use. Not so, however. After a time the packets of sago are sent to Singapore, where they are thrown into troughs of water, and washed over and over again, until the seemingly rotten mass becomes a pure powder, which is then forced through sieves, and falls into the little round grains, which are called Pearl Sago, and which often make you a nice pudding. Some Dyak tribes, in the interior of the country, live on cakes made of sago, in preference to rice.

Gutta Percha, which is useful in making waterproof pipes, surgical splints, picture frames, and all sorts of ornamental furniture, is the gum of a fine forest tree in Borneo. The tree is obliged to be cut down, to get at the Gutta, which is inside. When the hill was cleared, on

which our church now stands, one of these beautiful trees was left for a time; it took five people, with their arms spread out, to encircle its trunk; and I hoped we might make a seat around it, whence we could watch the carpenters building. One evening, after Papa and I had been walking round our favourite tree, and considering whether it would endanger the people working at the church, a fearful storm of lightning came on, and, as we stood admiring the bright flashes, we saw one strike the Gutta Percha tree, making a cleft in it all down the stem. After this, we dared not leave it standing so near the church, lest another storm should bring it down on the building; so we had it felled. Its downfall disturbed a number of curious bats, with little trunks like elephants, who lived in a hollow part of it. It was well we cut it down, for the inside was much decayed, and it could not have stood long.

Tortoise Shell is another article of commerce, which Europeans value, and which is found on our coasts. But, besides these things, there are some treasures in Borneo, which are only esteemed by the Chinese, but which are no less articles of commerce for our Malays. Such is

the *edible swallow's nest*, which the Chinese buy for its weight in silver or twenty dollars a *catty* (pound and a quarter). These little birds build in large communities in the interior of caves. Their nests are fastened against the walls of the caves, and are collected by the Dyaks twice a year. They are like woven isinglass; some almost as clear and transparent looking, which are then termed white nests—others more dirty and mixed with tiny feathers, which are less valuable and called black nests. You remember, Charley, my sending you one of these delicate little nests, in a letter; but I fear it did not reach you in good preservation. The Chinese make them into soup, which they imagine to be more strengthening than any other food: but, as it has no flavour, it is not especially prized by the English.

There is also a certain sea-slug, called *trepang* which the natives collect, and sell to the Chinese for soups. And another favourite article of commerce is *blacham*, a condiment, which both Chinese and Indians esteem as a flavouring for their meals of rice, and which consists of shrimps and small fish, dried in the sun, and mashed in a mortar to a paste. It tastes like the strong caviare, which the Greeks are so fond of. Our

Malays buy all these precious things, and many others, which I cannot remember, of the country people, or Dyaks. They then freight their vessels, and carry them to Singapore, or Java, or Bruni, and bring back, in exchange, china, glass, brass vessels, gongs, and musical instruments, for which the Javanese are famous.

Indeed, the Malays have quite a genius for trading. Two or three Nakodas, as the merchants are called, join together to build a large boat. When finished, a great many of their friends volunteer to accompany them, in a trading voyage; each man brings some goods, or gold dust, which he wants to barter or sell, until a sufficient cargo is collected. For the privilege of trading in her, the men give their services as sailors, and bring their provisions for the voyage; so that the owners have no expenses of manning or victualling their ship. Every Malay knows something of the sea, and the simple management of their mat sails. They seldom venture far out of sight of land. The seas are dotted with islands; and these, and the stars, serve as guides for their voyage.

The first year we lived at Sarawak, two Nakodas built a larger vessel, than had yet been at-

tempted by native workmen. She was called the 'Beauty of Sarawak,' (S'ree Sarawak,) and Papa often paid her a visit, while building—giving the Malays the benefit of his advice and criticism. When she was finished, the Nakodas made a feast, and invited the English of Sarawak on board, where they were entertained with cakes and sweetmeats; as I did not go, they sent me a tray of sweetmeats afterwards. Papa made Nakoda Mahomet, and Nakoda Siè a present of a telescope; and I copied them a map of the coast of Java, whither they directed their first voyage. We were much interested in the success of this vessel, which has since made the fortunes of these two merchants. But there are now many others, even better built and larger,—(the S'ree was about 150 tons burthen,)—for Sarawak is becoming a thriving place. Last year the value of its exports amounted to 150,125 dollars; and vessels from Singapore, the Natunas Islands, (whence we get Cocoa Nuts and oil,) the Dutch Settlements of Sambas, Pontianak, Java, Bali, the North-west coast of Borneo, Labuan, Rhio, and Tringanu, imported, to Sarawak, goods to the value of 197,166 dollars, under British, Dutch, Native and Sarawakian flags.

The Sarawak flag is a red and purple cross, out of Sir James Brooke's armorial shield, on a yellow ground, yellow being the royal colour of Borneo. It was given by the Rajah to his people, on his return from England, in 1848, and I remember well, what a grand occasion it was. H. M. S. Meander was at Sarawak at the time, and their band played 'God Save the Queen,' as the flag was, for the first time, hoisted on the flag-staff before the Rajah's house. All the English were assembled there, and a great crowd of natives, Malays and Dyaks, whom the Rajah addressed in the Malay language, telling them that the flag, which he had that day given them, would, he hoped, be their glory and protection, as the flag of England had long been hers. He said that, by the help of his native country, he would engage to clear the seas of the Archipelago of the pirates, who prevented their trading vessels from venturing along the coasts, and, when this was accomplished, he trusted to see Sarawak become a rich and thriving place, with all the blessings of peace, civilisation, and religion. A great deal more than this, and much more to the purpose than I can remember, our Rajah said that day to his people; for his heart

was full of desires for their welfare, and hope and trust in the English Government, to aid him in the accomplishment of his designs. The Malays listened with love and reverence to his words, and, from my house across the river, I could hear their acclamations. Since then, the Sarawak flag flies, not only at the Fort at the entrance of the town, but at the mast of many a vessel, laden with Bornean treasures, on all the coasts of the Archipelago. I must tell you in a future letter about the pirates, who, in 1848, were a constant terror to our little trading vessels, and to those of all other native states, and how the Rajah fulfilled his promise to his people, of punishing these sea robbers, and forcing them to live at peace with their neighbours.

For to day, good bye.

LETTER VII.

THE DYAKS—THEIR RELIGION.

August 1851.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

You know as well as I do, that God made all men, as well as all creatures and things. We should feel sure of this, even if the Bible had not told us all about it; because our common sense assures us that nothing can make itself, so that, what men are not wise and strong enough to make, must have been created by some Person more wise and powerful than any man. You know that "to create," means "to make something out of nothing;" and that is what no man can do. He may join created things together, or he may even discover some new substance by doing so; as, for instance, clear transparent glass is made by melting sand, flint, and the ashes of sea-weed (potash), in a hot fire; and so, too, paper is made by washing old rags in water: but without the sand, flint, and potash, no man could make glass; and without the rags, or something like them, paper could not be made.

We may also find out, that some things in the earth are made, as it were, by other things.

Thus, coal is known to be old forests, which have been covered with water for many ages. Sand is the dust of stone, worn by the action of the water. The fine black mould, which lies on the surface of the earth, and nourishes the roots of trees, flowers, and grasses, is made by a mixture of all sorts of dead vegetables and animal matter, and the effects of sun, rain, and air upon them. But, though I might add to these many other things, which Nature makes and man cannot, there must always remain some, which have been created, some time or other, by God. Such are light, heat, air, water, all living creatures, and man.

Savage nations, who have no learning, and never heard of the Bible, know this, and they call God "The Great Spirit," "The Creator," or by some other word, which means that He made them, and all they see. The Bible explains this to us; for it says that, when God made man, "He breathed into him, and man became a living soul." The voice of God's Spirit speaks of Him, to the soul of every one: so that, if we lived in a wild country, without a book to teach us, we should sometimes feel obliged to look up to Heaven, and worship our Maker: we should feel that, as He made us, He can take care of us,

and do us good or harm as He wills; and these feelings we call natural religion, because Nature without, and God's voice within, teach it to us.

The religion of the Dyaks, by which name we call the numerous tribes of people, who inhabit this island, and about whom I now intend to write to you, is chiefly this. They know that some great Spirit made them, and the country they live in; they feel sure that the rice, fruit, fish, and animals, which form their food, are His gifts; therefore they pray for His blessing when they sow the seed in their Paddy fields. They call God Tuppa, Jeroang, or Dewatah, which is a very old word belonging to the Sanscrit language—a language so ancient, that it is no longer spoken by any nation in the world, except that some learned people of India use it in arguing, as formerly learned Europeans did the Latin language. But there are still many books to be found written in Sanscrit, and from it most eastern languages are derived.

Thus far the religion of the Dyaks is right, and even farther; for they have a firm belief in evil spirits (antoos), to whom they ascribe all the sickness and misfortune which happen to them. But at this point they depart from the truth, and become superstitious: for they do not

know that God is stronger than the devil; so they make offerings and prayers to the antoos, to avert their wrath, and keep them in good temper. From this false, cowardly, fear of evil spirits or devils, no doubt arises the Dyak custom of head-taking. If a man loses his wife or child, he puts on a kind of mourning, of common coarse clothes, and sets out to take as many human heads as he thinks an equivalent for his misfortune; thus he hopes to propitiate the evil spirit of death. Before he has sown the seed in his farm he seeks more heads, which he brings home, fastened about his own neck, to rejoice over when his harvest is reaped. The evil spirits they think are pleased with blood. When a journey or any enterprise is to be undertaken, a fowl is killed, and all those to be engaged in it are touched with the blood of the sacrifice. At a feast, the white fowl's blood is sprinkled on the posts of the house, reminding one of the houses of the Israelites, which the avenging angel passed over, when sprinkled with the blood of the Paschal Lamb.

When the Dyaks build a new house, the first post to support it is driven through the body of a live fowl, and they say that, some generations back, a young girl was thus horribly empaled

instead of a chicken, to insure the prosperity of the new house and its inmates. As I said before, the custom of head-taking was, no doubt, derived from the notion of propitiating the evil spirits by blood. But now the Dyaks consider a head taker in the same glorious light with which we regard a successful warrior. This ghastly present of a human head, is the favourite love-token which a young man lays at the girl's feet whom he desires to marry, and which she accepts with favour: for an old legend of the Sakarrans tells her, that the daughter of their great ancestor, who resides in heaven, near the Evening Star, refused to marry until her betrothed brought her a present worth her acceptance. The man went into the jungle and killed a deer, which he presented to her; but the fair lady turned away in disdain. He went again, and returned with a *mias*, the great monkey who haunts the forest; but this present was not more to her taste. Then, in a fit of despair, the lover went abroad, and killed the first man that he met, and throwing his victim's head at the maiden's feet, he exclaimed at the cruelty she had made him guilty of; but, to his surprise, she

smiled, and said, that now he had discovered the only gift worthy of herself.

To this day the women of this tribe incite the men to this horrible practice. It matters not whether the head be of man, woman, or child, enemy or stranger; but a head they must have for a wedding present. You see, my child, how far astray from goodness, gentleness, and mercy, mankind have wandered when they have forgotten the Great God their Maker, and worshipped Evil instead of Good.

Not long ago Papa paid a visit to the Lundu Dyaks, whom we consider the most intelligent of the Sarawak tribes. The wife of the Orang Kaya's (chief's) son was very ill, and both she and her little infant were in great danger of dying. Papa told Kalong, her husband, that he could relieve her, and give her physic: but the old women, who seem to be the doctors of the tribe, said, "they must drive the antoos away first." So they commenced a horrible noise with gongs and drums, shrieks and yells; they then rushed on the roof of the house, to drive, as they said, the antoos off the premises; and it was not until the baby died, and the poor mother grew worse and worse, and exhausted by the din

they made, that they admitted Papa to give her any assistance. Besides these *antoos* Papa has heard the Dyaks talk of spirits they call *Triu*, who, they fancy, inhabit the jungle, and especially the summits of the hills and mountains. If an Englishman wishes to make an excursion to the top of a high hill, he has great difficulty in persuading a Dyak to accompany him. Should he consent to go, however, he will not help to cut down trees there, nor cook food, nor throw stones down the hill, lest he should offend the spirits, who, he believes, live there, and who, he vainly imagines, will assist him in war, if he does not disturb them, by appearing in the shape of Dyak men, and fighting at his side. Mingled with these Triu, they suppose, are savage, malignant spirits, called by them Kamang, who also accompany them to their wars, for the purpose of enjoying the carnage. They are believed to drink human blood, and to inspire those who worship them with desperate valour. These Kamang are, however, enemies of the Triu.

Beside these, the Dyaks have endless superstitions about charms and magic. They will not sow their paddy until the voice of a certain bird is heard in the woods; and, when they go on any

expedition, if one of these omen birds sings behind them, they return, convinced that misfortune will overtake them if they proceed. On each of their farms they cultivate a certain white lily, over which they build a shed, and to which, as to something sacred, they present offerings of fruit, rice, etc., fancying that their paddy will not grow well unless they do so. They can give no reason for this, and many other foolish customs, except that "such was the custom of their ancestors." Notwithstanding all these ignorant fancies, the Dyaks retain their belief in one Great God and Father of all men; they acknowledge that they are foolish and ignorant, and that the religion of the white men, as they call Christianity, is a truer and better one than their own. They are, with the exception of the pirate tribes, a gentle, kindly people, simple as children, and inclined to love and reverence all men whom they see to be wiser and more civilised than themselves. I will tell you, in my next letter, something of their houses, dress, and manners.

LETTER VIII.

THE DYAKS—THEIR HISTORY, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

September, 1851.

MY DEAREST BOY,

The Dyaks are supposed to be the Aborigines, or first inhabitants, of Borneo; when they came there they do not know, nor from whence. They have, doubtless, for many generations past, followed exactly the same manners and customs; for they have a great reverence for their ancestors, and consider it reason enough for many a foolish habit, that such was the custom of their forefathers. We generally divide the Dyaks into Land and Sea tribes, but the Orang-Laut (people of the sea), do not allow that they are *Dyaks* at all, by this name designating only the inland

tribes. Besides this distinction they must be divided into tribes, according to the locality in which they live. Thus the country of Sarawak possesses as many as thirty-two tribes of Dyaks, each tribe having a chief, or rich man, as the title Orang-Kaya signifies. This chief is elected by his people, and, although the dignity is generally hereditary, he may be deposed, if such is the will of the tribe. Each tribe has its own territory and particular farms, which they cultivate by turns, allowing them to lie fallow in the intervening years: for in that country, where there is room and to spare for the inhabitants, they know nothing of the rotation of crops.

Rice is the food of all, and a little Indian corn, or millet, may be added by way of luxury. Some of them grow tobacco, of which they are very fond; and cotton, which they dye, and weave into the thick jackets and scarfs of which their dress consists. A Dyak man's working dress is only a long scarf of this cotton, or the bark of a tree, beaten into a kind of cloth, wound about his body. On his head another piece of bark-cloth is twisted, sticking up on either side like ears. The scarf hangs down like a tail before and behind, so that I have no doubt

old stories of wild men with tails, which may be found in some travels, have originated from this costume. These two articles of clothing are common to all Dyaks; but the various tribes are distinguishable by their different ornaments. Thus the Sakarrans wear a bracelet of white shell round the upper part of the arm; the Sarebas, a great number of brass rings along the shell of their ears; our Sarawak tribes value white beads as necklaces; some wear brass rings all the way up both the arm and leg, leaving only the elbow free; others have many twists of rattan, stained black or red, round their waists; the women a kind of basket-stays of this material. The inland tribes are many of them tattooed. Their war dresses consist of a jacket of the native thick cotton, closely wadded, a head-dress of feathers of the rhinoceros hornbill, and tufts of hair dyed, of various colours, which are set in a kind of coronet of beads. They use, as weapons of war, spears, the points of which are hardened by fire; swords, made some for the right, and some for the left hand; and the sumpitan, a long blow pipe of wood, which throws poisoned darts, to a distance of thirty or forty yards. They also carry wooden shields to de-

fend themselves from the spears of their enemies.

DYAK BLOWING SUMPITAN.

When I send you Papa's journal of his trip up the Rejang river, you will there find more minute descriptions of the costumes of the Dyaks. They do not live in cottages, or separate houses, but as many as fifty or a hundred families in one house, or rather barrack. These houses are built on long poles, with a very deep verandah in front, on which all the business of the day is transacted—the cooking, mat and basket making,

&c., in which men and women are employed. Under the house reside the pigs, and their food is thrown to them through the floor. This is certainly an improvement on the Irish custom, of having the pigs in the same apartment: still it is not very sweet. In the interior of the house, are the sleeping rooms of the married people, and women and children: but the unmarried men sleep all together, in a house which is also used to keep the dried heads of their enemies. The heads hang from the roof, the bachelors sleep on the floor, and, if any visitors come to the tribe, this house is generally appointed for their quarters. But I am happy to say that, with our Sarawak Dyaks, the head-house is no longer such an important place, as it used to be: this vile custom is against the laws of our Rajah's Government, and will die out by degrees, as the people learn better habits, and the Christian law of love.

Both Dyak men and women are better looking than the Malays. The tribes vary in appearance. Some, that have been much oppressed, either by their Malay masters, or the piratical Dyak tribes, are stunted in figure, and very subject to a skin disease, which looks disagreeable, and causes

them much discomfort—no doubt arising from exposure to the weather, and want of proper food. But, when the tribe is well off, and enjoying the blessings of peace, they are fine well-proportioned men, with fairer skins than the Malays, and finer features. Their eyes are particularly bright and intelligent. The women are rather small, but often pretty when young, although the hard work, which they do in the rice-fields, makes them old-looking at an early age. I have seen little Dyak children as fair and pretty as English children. In my school, I have a little Sarebas Dyak girl, who, when brought to me, was quite an infant. Her father was killed in battle, and her mother had cast the baby into the long grass, and fled into the jungle. The poor orphan was brought to Sarawak, and given to me. She had long golden hair, and large brown eyes. I thought her as sweet a baby as I had ever seen. She is now nearly five years old; but I cannot say that she is any longer pretty, although she is a gentle nice child, and sings like a little bird.

The Dyaks are fond of pork, but they will eat monkeys, squirrels, and, in fact, any thing they can catch in the jungle, except deer, and this some tribes object to, as a meat likely to make

them timid and faint-hearted, and therefore only allowable to women and children. This is an old tradition of their forefathers; and I think the Malays do not discourage it, as they are very fond of venison, and like to keep the game for themselves.

There is a certain slimy clay, which the Sakarran Dyaks always provide themselves with, when they make their excursions in their boats, and which they suck when their stock of rice is exhausted: they say it is very nutritious. Twice a year, when the rice-harvest is gathered in, the Dyaks make a great public feast. Papa happened to visit the Miradang tribe once, just as their harvest-home feast was being ended. As the tribe all live in two or three great houses, there was no difficulty in collecting them together. Being all assembled, they feasted for three days, during which they consumed 700 fowls, 500 bushels (pasus) of rice, 300 pasus of cakes, made of rice, flour, and sugar, rolled as fine as vermicelli, and fried in cocoa nut oil, and 70 jars of arrack, with which they made themselves very tipsy. It is only on such occasions they get tipsy; but they have not yet learnt, that it is a shame and disgrace to be so. This

tribe numbers at least 2000 men, women, and children. I do not remember how many pigs they ate at this feast—a great many, of course. Besides eating and drinking, they had public games, a greased pole to climb, surmounted by a brass ball, and with two arms of wood, from which depended the prizes of fowls, which belonged to whoever could reach them. On the pole, were carved images of lizards, and crocodiles, to measure how high each man could ascend. This tribe, living on the Quop river, is very prosperous.

Last year, Papa accompanied the Rajah, in a visit to the Suntah Dyaks. This tribe used to be a prey to the Sakarran and Sarebas pirates, who had so often destroyed their houses, and farms, and stolen their wives, children, and goods, that, when Sir James Brooke first lived at Sarawak, they were reduced to a very small number, and robbed of their possessions. The chief appealed to Sir James for protection, and, since then, they have lived securely, and cultivated their paddy-farms in peace, growing richer from year to year; as they sell the paddy they do not want to eat, to purchase clothes, gongs, brazen vessels, and other things they value.

They were delighted to receive a visit from the Rajah, to whom they owed so much. The chief walked down the hill, on which they lived, to meet him, and as they entered the principal house, guns were fired off as a salute. The old women of the tribe stood ready to receive them, dressed in curious long jackets, embroidered with figures of lizards, crocodiles, and other hideous monsters, made of small shells called cowries. These old women made yells of welcome, and stroked their visitors' arms and legs; for they fancy there is some goodness or virtue to be rubbed out of white people. They then washed their feet in cocoa-nut water, and set aside the water to steep their seed paddy in, imagining it would help it to grow. At night, when, tired with their long walk, the Rajah and Papa laid themselves down to sleep on the floor, the Dyaks feasted and drank in honour of their visit; and these silly old women stood over Papa, whom they knew to be a Doctor, and constantly woke him, by stroking his limbs, and swaying their arms about, close to his face. They thought him a very reverend person, no doubt, but I think he could gladly have dispensed with so much attention.

Another custom of theirs is almost too nasty to speak of. They brought portions of cooked rice on leaves, and begged the Englishmen to spit into them, after which they ate them up, thinking they should be the better for it. The day will come, I trust, when these simple people will know that "God made man of one flesh, in all the nations upon earth;" and will regard the white men as His ambassadors, to teach them heavenly wisdom. This is the only light in which our Rajah, or Papa, would wish to be reverenced. But we cannot wonder at their superstitious love of the Rajah. He has delivered them from the exactions of the Malays, and the dread of the pirates, who made them the poorest, and the most miserable, of human beings, and kept them in constant fear of death for themselves, and starving for their wives and children.

It is time that I should tell you something about these pirate tribes, as I have so often mentioned them in my letters; but I will not begin to-day, as my sheet is full.

LETTER IX.

THE PIRATES.

October, 1851.

My dearest Charley,

When your little cousin Harriette was asked "what is a pirate?" she said, "a great rogue of the sea;" and perhaps I could not give you a better definition of these bad men, who have, for centuries past, been the terror of all native trading vessels, in the seas of the Eastern Archipelago. "It is in the Malay's nature," says a Dutch writer, "to rove on the seas in his prahu, as it is in that of the Arab to wander with his steed on the sands of the desert." Before the English and the Dutch governments exerted themselves to put down piracy in this part of the world, there were communities of these Malays, settled on various parts of the coast of Borneo, who made it the business of their lives to rob and destroy all the vessels they could meet with, either killing the crews, or reducing them to slavery. For this purpose,

many still go out in fleets, of from ten to thirty war boats or prahus. These boats are about ninety feet long; they carry a large cannon in the bow of the vessel, and from three to four lelas (smaller brass cannon), on each broadside, besides about twenty or thirty rifles or muskets. Each prahu is rowed by sixty or eighty oars, in two tiers, and will carry from eighty to a hundred men. Over the rowers, and extending the whole length of the vessel, is a light, flat roof, made of split bamboo and covered with mats: this protects their ammunition and provisions from the rain, and serves as a platform on which they mount to fight, and from which they fire their muskets, and hurl their spears. These formidable boats skulk about, in the sheltered bays of the coast, at the season of the year when they know that merchant vessels will be passing laden with rich cargoes for the ports of Singapore, Penang, or to and from China. A scout boat, with but few men in it, which would not excite suspicion, goes out to spy for sails. They do not generally attack well armed large vessels, though many a Dutch and English brig, which has been becalmed, or enticed by them into dangerous and shallow water, has been over-

powered by their superior numbers. But it is, usually, the small unarmed vessels they fall upon, with fearful yells, binding those they do not kill, and, when they have robbed them, burning the vessels, to avoid detection. They then carry their prisoners to some Malay town, whose inhabitants, or, at any rate, the rulers and great men, connive at their wickedness, and buy their booty and slaves. While the fair wind, or south-west monsoon blows, the pirates do not return to their homes, but lurk about in uninhabited bays and creeks, until the trading season is over. But when the north-east wind begins to blow they go back to their settlements, often rich in booty, and with blood on their hands, only to rejoice over the past, and prepare themselves for another excursion.

There are still nests of pirates, in the north of Borneo, who are as yet unsubdued by the forces which English, Dutch, and Spaniards have sent against them. But the Malay towns in the Straits which used to encourage the pirates, by buying their slaves, etc., do not now dare to deal with them so openly; as the Europeans have made them promise to assist them in extirpating this great evil. This is the case at Bruni,

the capital of the Malay power, on the north of Borneo, where the Sultan lives. The Sultan is a bad man, and used to enrich himself by allowing the pirates, from the countries and islands further north, to trade with him and his Pangerans (nobles), and to pay him tribute in slaves and presents for the permission. The Sultan of Sooloo, has also been obliged to withdraw his countenance from the pirates who infest the groups of islands to the north of Borneo.

When Sir James Brooke first visited Sarawak the Malay nobles there, who were subjects of the Sultan of Bruni, used to follow the evil example of their master, and encourage the piratical Dyaks of Sarebas and Sakarran to pay them tribute, for allowing their raids on the defenceless inhabitants of the coasts, thus impoverishing the very country they ruled, and preventing all native trade, for their own individual profit—a very short-sighted, as well as wicked policy. But now the state of things is altered at Sarawak; and no pirate boat dares to lurk near the dwelling of an English rajah, who is their determined foe, and who, by teaching his subjects the benefits of a good government, and the certain riches of industry, has made them as averse to piracy as

himself. The Dyaks of Sarebas and Sakarran have been taught piracy by the Malays, who have settled amongst them. They were always head-hunters, and used to pull the oars in the Malay prahus, for the sake of the heads of the slain, which were alone valuable to them, whereas the Malays coveted the booty; thus the Malays made use of them at first, as the monkey used the cat's paw, to take the roasted chestnuts off the fire. But, in course of time, the Dyaks became expert seamen. They built boats, which they called *bangkongs;* and went out with the Malays, in fleets of 100 war-boats, devastating the coast, and killing Malays, Chinese, Dyaks, or Europeans, wherever they could get them. The Dyak *bangkong*, or war-boat, draws very little water, and is both lighter and faster than the Malay prahu; it is 100 feet long and nine or ten broad. Sixty or eighty men, with paddles, make her skim through the water as swiftly as a London race-boat. She moves without noise, and surprises and overwhelms her victims with showers of spears, in the dead of the night; neither can any vessel, except a steamer, catch a Dyak *bangkong*, if the crew deem it necessary to fly. These boats can be easily taken to pieces;

for the planks are not fastened with nails, but laced together with rattans, and caulked with bark, which swells when wet: so that, if they wish to hide their retreat in the jungle, they can quickly unlace their boats, carry them on their shoulders into the woods, and put them together again, when they want them.

When we first lived at Sarawak no merchant boat dared go out of the river alone, and unarmed; and we were constantly shocked with dreadful accounts of villages on the coast, or boats at the entrance, being surprised, and men, women, and children, barbarously murdered by these wretches. I remember once a boat being found with only three fingers of a man in it, and a bloody mark at the side, where the heads of those to whom the boat belonged had been cut off. Sometimes the pirates would wait until they knew the men of a village were all away, working at their paddy-farms, and then they would fall suddenly upon the poor defenceless women and children, kill some, make slaves of the rest, and rob their houses. Sometimes, having destroyed a village and its inhabitants, they would dress themselves in the clothes of the slain, and proceeding to another place, would

call out to the women, " The Sarebas are coming, but, if you bring down your valuables to us, we will defend you, and your property;" and many of the poor women fell into the snare, and became a prey to their enemies.

There is no action too cruel for a pirate. If they attack a house when the men are at home it is in the night. They pull stealthily up the river in their boats, and, landing under cover of their shields, they creep under the house, which you know stands on very tall poles. They then set fire to dry wood, and a quantity of chillies which they bring with them for the purpose: this makes a suffocating smoke which hinders the inmates of the house from coming out to defend themselves. They commence cutting down the posts of the house, which falls, with all it contains, into their ruthless hands.

In the year 1849 the atrocities of the piratical Dyaks were so frequent that the Rajah applied to the English Admiral in the Straits, for some men-of-war to assist him in destroying them. Remonstrances and threats had been tried again and again. The pirates would always promise good behaviour for the future, to avert a present danger; but they never kept these promises

when an opportunity offered for breaking them with impunity. There is no good faith in bad men, and cruelty and falsehood are generally to be found together. In consequence of Sir James Brooke's application, H. M. S. Albatross, commanded by Captain Farquhar, H. M. sloop Royalist, Commander Lieutenant Everest, and H. E. I. C. steamer Nemesis, Commander Captain Wallage, were sent by Admiral Collyer to Sarawak. Then the Rajah had all his war-boats got ready to join the English forces. There was the Lion King, the Royal Eagle, the Tiger, the Big Snake, the Little Snake, the Frog, the Alligator, and many others, belonging to the Datus, who, on occasions like these, are bound to call on their servants, and a certain number of able-bodied men, in their *campongs*, to man and fight in their boats: this is their service to Government, instead of paying taxes, as English people do. The Rajah supplies the whole force with rice for the expedition, and a certain number of muskets. The English ships were left, the Albatross at Sarawak, and the Royalist to guard the entrance of the Batang Lupar river; but their boats, and nearly all the officers, accompanied the fleet, and the steamer Nemesis went

also. On the 24th of July they left us, as many as eighteen Malay prahus, manned by from twenty to seventy men in a boat, and decorated with flags, and streamers innumerable, of the brightest colours, the Sarawak flag always at the stern. For the Tiger I made a flag, with a tiger's head painted on it, looking wonderfully ferocious. It was an exciting time, with gongs and drums, Malay yells and English hurrahs; and our fervent prayers, for their safety and success, accompanied them that night, as they dropped down the river in gay procession. They were afterwards joined by *bangkongs* of friendly Dyaks, 300 men from Lundu, 800 from Linga, some from Samarakan, Sadong, and various places which had suffered from the pirates, and were anxious to assist in giving them a lesson. We heard nothing of the fleet until the 2nd of August, when I received a little note from the Rajah, written in pencil, on a scrap of paper, on the night of the 31st of July, and giving us an account of how they fell in with a great *balla* (war fleet), of Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, consisting of 150 *bangkongs*, and caught them returning to their homes, with plunder and captives in their boats. The pirates found all the entrances to

the river occupied by their enemies—the English, Malay, and Dyak forces, being placed in three detachments, and the Nemesis all ready to help whenever the attack should begin. The Singha Rajah sent up a rocket when she espied the pirate fleet, to apprise the rest of their approach. Then there was a dead silence, broken only by three strokes of a gong, which called the pirates to a council of war. A few minutes afterwards a fearful yell gave notice of their advance, and the fleet approached in two divisions. But, when they sighted the steamer, they became aware of the odds against them, and again called a council by beat of gong: after another pause a second yell of defiance showed that they had decided upon giving battle.

Then, in the dead of the night, ensued a fearful scene. The pirates fought bravely, but could not withstand the superior forces of their enemies. Their boats were upset by the paddles of the steamer; they were hemmed in on every side, and five hundred men were killed sword in hand; while two thousand five hundred escaped to the jungle. The boats were broken to pieces, or deserted on the beach by their crews; and the morning light shewed a sad spectacle of ruin and

defeat. Upwards of eighty prahus and *bang-kongs* were captured, many from sixty to eighty feet long, with nine or ten feet of beam.

The English officers, on that night, offered prizes to all who should bring in captives alive: but the pirates would take no quarter; in the water they still fought without surrender, for they could not understand a mercy which they never extended to their enemies. Consequently, the prisoners were very few, and the darkness of the night favoured their escape to the jungle. The peninsula, to which they escaped, could easily have been so surrounded by the Dyak and Malay forces, that not one man of that pirate fleet could have left it alive. This blockade the Malays entreated the Rajah to make; but he refused, saying, that he hoped they had already received a sufficiently severe lesson, and would return to their homes humbled and corrected. Our Rajah has always endeavoured to teach his people that a great warrior is as merciful as he is brave. He, therefore, ordered his fleet to proceed up the river, and the pirates returned to their homes.

After this the Rajah hoped that the Sarebas and Sakarran tribes would forswear piracy for

the future. They have indeed made many promises of amendment, and the Sakarrans have suffered an English gentleman, Mr. Brereton, to live amongst them for two years, and to build a fort on the bank of the river, to prevent armed boats from going out. He has sought to govern them with gentleness and kindness, and to induce them to turn their attention to trade and agriculture, leaving their former evil habits; and they have consented to receive a missionary, Mr. Chambers, as their teacher. Let us hope that this change for the better will ripen into a lasting peace, and lead to the dawn of Christianity amongst them. But I have little faith in them, Charley, unless the English men-of-war in the Straits pay them an occasional visit, to remind them of the past.

This is a long letter: so adieu until the next mail.

Note. A Sakarran Dyak told Papa, since this letter was written, that he led a detachment of the pirate boats on the night of the 31st of July, sent by the fleet to *board the Nemesis*. "We thought," said he, "that it was a long gun boat we saw on the water, and had she not been a steamer, and overturned us with her paddles, we should have taken her in five minutes, and had every head on board."

LETTER X.

THE ANIMALS OF SARAWAK.

November, 1851.

My dearest Charley,

Papa and I have just returned from a pleasant row down the river to Tanah Puteh (white earth). I wish you had been with us, for there are some fruit trees now in bearing by the water's edge, and a number of monkeys were running up and down the boughs, getting their supper. What a chattering they made, and how they swung themselves from branch to branch, making the trees quiver and bend, as if they would snap in two! They did not heed us in the least, though our boat lay close to shore, and Papa landed to look for some wood he wanted for building. The Malays get a fine clay from this place, with which they make tiles, and jars, and pots (*chatties* as they call them), to cook their food in. But to return to the monkeys, at Tanah Puteh; we call them long-nosed monkeys; they grow to a great size; and have more

human features than any other animal. The other day Mr. C—— caught one and brought it home. He soon became tame, and I paid him several visits. "Nosey," as we named him, stood more than four feet high, and his limbs were wonderfully strong; his face was free from hair, his eyes hazel, his nose hung down over his upper lip; round his neck nature had given him a fine fur tippet of light brown, and round his waist the hair was white, so that he had quite a clothed appearance. He was very amiable, and allowed any one to pull his marvellous nose: but he did not live long in captivity; his appetite was enormous, and he devoured so much curry and rice, that it brought on an inflammation of which he died. Papa sent his skin to England. I have seen many of this species of monkey since, but their noses were more turned up, and not so long as "Nosey's." Monkeys are not favourite pets of mine, or I might indulge myself with several interesting varieties which are common at Sarawak.

Here is the *Wawa* or long-armed ape, which makes a melodious noise in the jungle early in the morning, like the bubbling of water out of a long necked bottle. It is a gentle creature,

black with a white face. But the monkey, which is most esteemed, is the *Mias* or Orang-Utan (wild man of the woods). These are very large, and disgustingly like human beings: they have a melancholy expression and manner, and get very fond of their owners. A large female monkey of this kind, which we called Jemima, and which lived a long time at Mr. R——'s, was quite fond of Papa, would kiss his hands, and fret if he did not notice her. There is a *Mias* in the Zoological Gardens, which came from Sarawak.

I am thankful to say that we are not troubled with the fear of wild beasts at Sarawak. No lions or tigers roar in our jungles; the worst enemy you are likely to meet, if you walk into the depths of the forest, is a small bear, who would be more afraid of you, than you need be of it. We have kept several of these bears. They are black with a patch of white or tan, colour on their chest; their heads and feet are large in proportion to their bodies, which are no bigger than that of your Skye terrier. But they are the most ill-tempered creatures imaginable. The first we had would never eat his rice without sugar. One day on my offering him his dinner without the sweet sauce, he went into a great

rage, and, seizing a knife on the ground between his teeth, he cut his mouth with it. After this, he would not touch food of any kind, but sulked until he died. Mr. Brereton kept one of these bears in the fort at Sakarran; it used to run about the house like a dog, and was quite tame. One day it made its way into the store-room, where stood a tall jar, full of brown sugar, with rather a narrow mouth. Bruin dipped his paws into the jar, and ate all he could get at; then, finding there was still a great deal in the jar beyond his reach, he proceeded to let himself down into it. For four days no one could imagine what was become of the bear; they began to fear he had strayed into the jungle, when some one, opening the store-room door, heard curious grumbling sounds issuing from the sugar jar; and there sat Bruin on his hind legs, having eaten all the sugar, and thus having let himself down too deep to be able to get out again. These bears live very much on honey in the jungle.

Soon after our arrival at Sarawak, I had a beautiful little snake brought me, which is called the Flower snake. It was of a bright green colour, with a delicate stripe of lilac down each side. The Malay man, who sold it to me, said

that he had taken out its poisonous fangs; but I do not believe it ever had any. It was quite harmless, and looked very pretty, twining itself round the furniture in the room, and climbing about to catch flies. One day it coiled itself on the top of a very high door, and, the wind moving the door on its hinges, the snake fell suddenly to the ground and broke its back—which soon killed it.

My pets generally come to some sad end. The merriest I ever had was a squirrel, of which I sent you a little picture. He was a very handsome fellow, and used to tumble head-over-heels by the half-hour together, as if he had been taught to turn a whirl-a-gig; but it was pure fun on his part. I kept him in a cage, but let him out now and then, as he only ran up and down my arms, over my neck, and then into his cage again. Once he ran away—a large bird of the Parrot kind was put into his cage, and he was so frightened, that he jumped out over the roof of a house below, and into the river, in a minute. I thought he was lost, but Mr. P—— got into a boat and went after him; and, when he was tired of swimming, he ran up the oar into the boat, and so came home again. Perhaps this

little trip gave him a taste for liberty; as, soon after, when we moved to our new house on the hill, he escaped to the jungle, and I never saw him again.

After the squirrel was gone, I had a Malacca thrush, a bird with a very fine voice, who learnt to whistle any tune it was taught. It could accomplish 'Highland Laddie,' and part of 'the British Grenadiers,' before it died, and would have sung more, if I could have whistled to it; but I liked its natural notes best. It lived on grasshoppers or flies, which I dare say, in its wild state, it caught flying, for it had a wide mouth, rather like a goat-sucker. This bird is common in our jungles: the Malays call it Burong Boya, or the alligator-bird, and tell this story about it. The ancestors of the Burong Boya owe a large debt to the alligator; and every year the alligator comes, and asks the bird to pay this old debt. Then the bird, perching itself on a high branch, shakes its wings and sings, 'How can I pay? I've nothing but my feathers, nothing but my feathers:' so the alligator is obliged to go away till next year. This Malay story arises from the thrush always shaking his wings when he is in full song. Poor Dick died just before I left

Sarawak last year. My school-children were very sorry; they used to find him grasshoppers in the grass about the house, and the Rajah used to send them bottles of sugar plums, which I dealt out, in exchange for the grasshoppers.

The birds at Sarawak are very beautiful—bright parroquets, green and pink—pigeons of many varieties, one of which they call the wounded heart, because it is white, with a rose coloured stain on its breast. Little delicate doves of sober colours, which live in nutmeg trees, and are therefore called nutmeg doves, are very plentiful. There are also tiny birds with long tongues, who eat the honey from the flowers like bees, and are not many times larger. Some of these are of brilliant colours. The boys kill them with a little sumpitan or blow-pipe, which throws a tiny dart; for they are easily knocked down, and shot would spoil their plumage.

There are beautiful fire-back pheasants, often caught in the snares the Malays set in the jungle—so called on account of the bright flame coloured feathers on their backs; and the cryptonix, or jungle partridge is a pretty bird, the male a dark purple with a fine red crest on his head, the female green and without a crest. But it

would take more time than I have to spare, to describe all the wonders and beauties, which have their homes in our woods; neither could I tell you the names of many, as the natives have given them none. I had for some time a little mouse deer (*Plandok*), which grew tame in the chicken-house. This tiny creature is smaller than an Italian greyhound; it has large dark eyes, like all the gazelle tribe, and its legs are as thin as your little finger. It eats the buds and flowers of the Paga-shrub; and you may fancy how small and delicate a creature it is, when I tell you that it died in consequence of a chicken pecking its head. There are much larger kinds of deer to be found in the country—the Kejang, or roebuck, and the Rusa, a fine large deer—but these are not easily tamed, nor often met with near the town. Wild pigs abound.

Sometimes we have an unwelcome visitant in a cobra snake, whose bite is certain death; but they cannot be very numerous, as I have not heard of one person being bitten, since we lived at Sarawak. When we first occupied our present house, the ground had been newly cleared, and the snakes, I suppose, missed their former hiding places: so they walked into the house to look

for them, and got knocked on the head for their pains.

One day Papa was walking up the hill which led to the church. He had a book in his hand, and was reading as he went along, when suddenly he heard a loud hissing, and, looking up, saw one of these black cobras standing on the path before him, with his hood puffed out (for they inflate a hood of loose skin over their heads when angry). Papa had no stick in his hand, so he stood still, with his eyes fixed on the snake, and called to the carpenters at work in the church to come with some sharp tools to his help, which they did, and despatched the snake. But I think Papa owed his escape to his presence of mind; for, had he attempted to run away, the creature would have darted at him. There are many other kinds of snakes; the natives are fond of telling wonderful stories of their adventures with them in the jungle; but I do not believe all they say. No doubt, however, there are large boa constrictors to be met with sometimes. A Malay man, whose word I can rely on, once told me, that he was in the jungle cutting wood, and, being tired, was going to sit down on what he took for part of the twisted

roots of a great tree; as he looked at it, it began to move, and then he saw it was a huge snake, partly coiled on the ground, and partly up the tree. He immediately assailed it with his *parang*, and cut it in two; it was quite inert and stupid, for inside he found a large deer which it had swallowed, and which he affirmed to be as large as an ox—as, if it was a Rusa, it doubtless was. One more creature I must tell you about, though my paper is nearly full. We have, as in all warm countries, plenty of lizards, from the little Chic-chak, which runs on the ceiling catching mosquitoes, and sometimes falls down plump into your plate at dinner, leaving his tail in the gravy, to the land crocodile or iguana, which eats the chickens and ducks in the farm yard. When we were building our Mission House, a certain kind of lizard, called a Tokay, got into the roof between the timbers. There he lived and made a most disagreeable noise, like the bark of a little hoarse dog. He settled himself over the library, and it was impossible to read or think, with the creature yapping close over your head; your little brother Harry was quite frightened at a noise for which he could see no living cause. At last Papa offered two dollars to any one who would

kill it, and the carpenter managed to shoot it with a pistol. It was rather more than a foot long, of a dark grey, with a loose skin; its back was arched and furnished with a saw-like edge, and the natives say it bites fiercely. The Siamese have a legend about the Tokay. They say that he was once set as a sentinel to guard the gates of a paradise, belonging to one of their heroes, named Ismara. Nontheak, an enemy of Ismara, taking advantage of his absence, one day presented himself at the gate; there he found Tokay, who told him that he could not enter without learning certain magic words. However, Nontheak flattered and threatened the lizard till he taught him the magic words; and, when Ismara returned to his paradise, he found his enemy in possession. He managed to turn him out, being the more powerful of the two; and then, to punish the lizard, he doomed him to a perpetual liver complaint, and an occasional visit from a little green lizard, who was to run down his throat, eat up his heart and liver, and run out again.

What child's tales! You must not believe them, Charley.

LETTER XI.

LIFE IN THE COURT HOUSE.

December, 1851.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

After we had spent a week at the Rajah's house, on our first landing at Sarawak, the 30th June, 1848, we removed to the Court House, just across the river. This house was built by a German Missionary, the year before. He intended to have a day school in the rooms below, and to live in the upper story; but before he had finished the house, he was recalled to Germany, and the Rajah converted his school-rooms into a Hall, for the administration of Justice, and allowed us to live in the upper rooms, until we could build a Mission House on the land, which he gave us for the purpose. In the Court-House, therefore, we remained rather more than a year. It had, like most other places, its pleasures and disagreeable points; I liked it for being in the town, and on the river, where I could see and hear all that

went on, and, even at night, did not feel lonely, as the fishermen in their boats, under our windows, kept up a perpetual talking. We were so surrounded by the Malays, too, who were always in and about the house, that we had better opportunities of learning their language, than if we had lived in a more retired spot. The first step towards gaining influence with a foreign people is to become acquainted with their language, manners, and customs, that you may not only know how to talk to them, but may avoid offending any of their national peculiarities. Papa was soon at home with the Malays; he studied the language during his voyage from England, and quickly caught the pronunciation. In a little room, next the Hall of Justice, he had a dispensary for medicine, and the people soon learnt to value the physic and medical aid, which was there given to them. This little room was often crowded with patients and visitors; and I, sitting overhead, could hear a great deal of talking and laughter going on beneath. Then Papa would bring his visitors up to me, to hear a little music, and look at the pictures we brought from England with us, especially those of the Queen and Prince Albert, which interested them exceed-

ingly; but they were rather puzzled to understand how Prince Albert could be the Queen's husband without being the King.

The Malays have not as yet learnt to give women their right place in society. They are still in a measure their slaves, or at best their dolls, whom they like to see handsomely dressed, and employed in embroidery and cooking. Until I went to live at Sarawak, and the Rajah encouraged the chief men of the place to allow their wives and daughters to receive European visitors, they were scarcely ever seen out of their own apartments. The higher their rank, the less they were allowed to appear in public, and, consequently, they were as silly and ignorant as children, and did not consider themselves capable of learning anything. They are, however, not at all deficient in quickness and intelligence; many of them can read and write Malay; they weave and embroider very cleverly, and are ingenious confectioners. I think they would gladly welcome an English lady who would visit them in their homes, and teach them geography, history, and general knowledge, music and singing; these they would like to learn: and the respect with which they listen to a white lady would

gain their attention to any lessons on morality and religion, which she might give them. I have never had either health or leisure to devote myself to the Malay ladies; yet many of them are my friends, and pay me frequent visits, often following my advice, with a docility which surprises me, as it is contrary to their long-established superstitions and customs. They like to visit me in the evening, as they are then less seen on their way to and from the house. Accordingly the head of the family enquires the day before whether he may bring his wife to see Mem Padre. Of course I consent, and sometimes have the magic lantern prepared for their amusement, and some little presents of ornaments, needle-books, or work-bags, ready for them. About seven o'clock I see a long procession, by torch-light, approaching the house. They generally choose moonlight nights, but the torches are carried partly for ceremony. First, the master of the house walks in, and after him come his wife, and his children, and as many of her relations, dependents, and slaves, as can be mustered for the occasion. There are often as many as fifty women, all drest in their best, or they borrow fine garments for the night. Their

hair is decorated with white or yellow flowers, which they pick without the stalks, and string into garlands on thread; they are constantly arranging their dress or hair, which they like you to admire and notice. I do not attempt to talk to all my visitors. The Datu, or whoever the husband may be, introduces his wife to me, and she calls the slave to bring the children, who are always carried on the servants' backs, and are generally very shy, and begin to cry, till I give them sweetmeats, or toys, to reassure them. The principal women sit on chairs, and the rest on the floor, which is their usual custom, and therefore more comfortable to them. Sometimes they like to play at chess. The pieces being arranged on the board, they divide themselves into two parties, and each party consults together what the move shall be. Their game very nearly resembles ours. I never saw them lose their temper over it, yet they play very well, and like to win. Sometimes they ask me to shew them, on the terrestrial globe, where England is, and Sarawak, and Mecca, and "Room," as they call Constantinople. This is the extent of their geography. They generally petition me for soap, or whatever I use to make my skin white, as

they would like to be fair also. I assure them that God made our skins of different colours, and that their dark skin is quite as pretty as mine; but I generally give them some soap, as I should like them to learn how useful it is for cleanliness.

They are never tired of hearing me sing and play, and are especially amused to see that I read the music from a book, and that I stop if they shut it up. They are a merry set, and always make me wish I could see more of them, and know them better when they visit me. I hope that one day they will become intelligent wives and mothers, and a blessing to their country. This will scarcely be while the men buy their wives for money, and are allowed to have more than one. I cannot say that this is very common unless a man is rich; still it is permitted by their religion and customs; therefore the wife does not feel herself the friend and companion of her husband, but his property and household furniture. Our Datu Patinghi, or head magistrate, has two wives: they have separate houses and establishments, which he often complains of, as a heavy expense to him. One of these wives is said to be the favourite. After the Rajah had

built himself a wooden Bungalow, the Datu had a new house built, in imitation of the Rajah's, for this wife, Mina. Then the other wife and her daughter Fatima said to the Datu, "We must also have a new wooden house like Mina's, why should she be better off than we are?" "I cannot afford," said the Datu, "to build two new houses: my purse is empty; you must wait until it is refilled." "No, no! we will not wait; we will give you no peace till you begin a new house for us. See, we will take a *parang*, and chop down a post of this old tumble-down house every day; then in time it will fall, and you must give us another." So the Datu, shrugging up his shoulders at the expense and trouble of having two wives, was forced to build another wooden house; but he now always recommends the Malays to be content with one wife.

While we lived at the Court-House, Papa established a day-school for the Malays, where I used to go for two hours in the morning to teach any girls or women who presented themselves, while a schoolmaster in another room taught the boys and men. Sometimes there were a good many scholars, sometimes scarcely any; the women liked to bring their *bajus*, and sew,

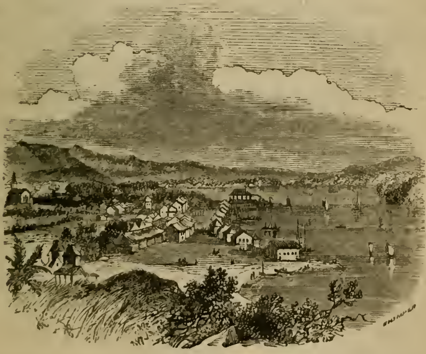
chatting to me meanwhile; but I soon found that the poorest and least respectable women came, and that it was mere curiosity on their part to see the English Mem, by which I did not gain in the opinion of the better sort, so I gave up the women's department. At this time, however, we took four little orphan children, two boys and two girls, to live with us, and they were my constant scholars. They were baptized by Papa on Advent Sunday, 1848. Peter was the eldest, five years old; Mary and Julia, five and four; Tommy, two and a half. They were very pleased to have pretty new frocks, and sit by me in church that day on a cushion on the floor. "What beautiful praying dresses these are," said Julia, when she saw them making. They soon learnt their letters: I used to take a picture alphabet to school, and, strewing some letters on the floor, say, "Who will bring me A, B," etc.; so they all ran and looked for them. One Sunday, little Tommy, sitting by me in church and peeping over my book, called out, "Ah there's great A"—however they were very good and quiet during the service. Of course they knew nothing when they first came to us: I had to teach them that God made them and all

things. One day I took them some pine apple tartlets, saying, "Who was so kind as to make these tarts for my children?" Little Mary looking very grave, said, "Perhaps God in heaven;" but they soon knew better than this. We afterwards took another boy, a little older, whose father was a Portuguese, his mother a Malay. Dominick was the boy's name, his age about seven. I asked him how old he was the day he came, and he answered, "About a hundred." To these children were soon added little Dyak Polly, the Sarebas baby I told you of, and a little Malay boy, son of Pangeran Dout, a Malay nobleman, who had fallen into poverty from his habit of gambling; and having more children than he knew how to feed, was glad to give me one. John Dout was a pretty child with a round moon-like face and fine black eyes; he had a sweet voice and good ear for music, so that when I taught the children to sing hymns and little songs, John was always the leader. It was a great pleasure to these children to sit of an evening on the steps of the verandah, and sing "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," as the sky darkened and the stars peeped out one by one.

But all this was later than when we lived in

the Court House. I must go back to that time, to tell you how Papa had the jungle cleared from the hill on which our Mission House was to be built, and then the top of the hill levelled for the foundation. Malays and Chinese were the labourers; but the Chinese, although they worked harder than the Malays, liked to do it their own way. They could not be persuaded to make use of wheelbarrows, but carried the earth from the hill in little baskets slung over their shoulders; and as these baskets hold not a quarter as much as a wheelbarrow, and they had to carry the earth some distance, their work was very slow. Nevertheless, in time the foundation was ready. Meanwhile, the timbers were squared and fitted by the Chinese carpenters, in a field near the Court House. A wooden house is joiners' work: all the great sleepers, as they call the foundation timbers, are fitted into one another, and the posts stand in them like the bottom and posts of a great bed; so that all the skeleton of the house can be made, and laid by ready, and set up so quickly, that it seems to rise out of the earth like a fairy palace. Every evening I and my children used to walk up the hill to see how the house progressed; we sat down on the great

timbers, and drew the letters of the alphabet on the glistening white sand, which covered the hill. Sometimes we took flowers, seeds, and cuttings of roses, and jessamines, or young fruit trees, and planted about the house, that they might grow to a good size by the time the building was finished. The view is so lovely from thence; the winding river, the busy town, the pretty English Bungalows, with their fine back-ground of jungle trees, and the blue mountains on either side, make as pleasant a medley of nature's repose and man's activity as can well be fancied.



LETTER XII.

THE MISSION HOUSE AND CHURCH.

January, 1852.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

The first week in August, 1848, our new house on the hill, "College Hill" as we called it, was sufficiently completed for us to remove there; and Sunday, the 12th, we had divine service in our large dining-hall, instead of in the lower room of the Court House. A wide staircase outside the front of the house, with a pretty little porch at the top, leads to this hall. Over the porch hangs a great bell, which rings at certain hours of the day to set us all to our various employments; it calls the Malays to their work at six; the Chinese at seven; at eleven it rings for their two hours to rest; at one that they may begin work again; at five to say that work is over for the day. At one time, when we had no longer workmen in our employ, I thought the bell, and our ears too, might have a little rest from its frequent ding-dong, but the townspeople

The Mission-house, SARAWAK.

petitioned it might go on as usual, for they were so accustomed to time their hours by it, that they should feel quite at a loss without it.

While we were removing to the Mission House, the Rajah, and nearly all the English were away on the expedition up the pirate rivers, which I told you about some time ago. On the 24th of August, however, they returned, and a great rejoicing took place; our house was filled in every corner with officers from the ships of war, who enjoyed a few nights on shore, and especially on our cool breezy hill.

On the evening of the 26th, six Dyak women who had been made captives, and were kept and brought to Sarawak, as hostages for their husbands' good behaviour, arrived, and the Rajah asked me to take care of them; he wished to shew them how differently Christian people treat their prisoners to what pirates do, consequently these poor women were astonished to receive new clothes, and plenty of good food, and anything they desired. There were several children with them, and I tried hard to persuade them to give me these little girls to bring up, but they would not hear of such a thing. In vain I displayed a pretty pink frock and white cap, which should

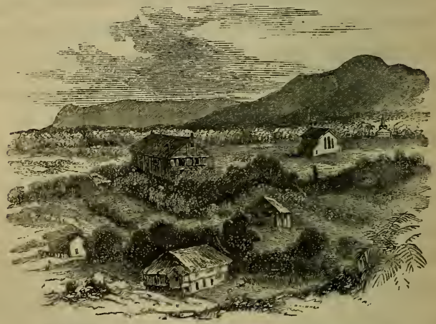
belong to the little girl who would come to school; I do not know whether they took me for an ogress, but at last they went to the Rajah, and made him promise them I should not have the children. I was glad to see how fond they were of their little ones, though they little knew the blessings they refused for them. These women were sent back to their country when the Sarebas and Sakarran people submitted, laden with presents, except one, who chose to marry a Chinaman and settle at Sarawak.

As soon as we had removed to College Hill Papa began to build the church. On the 28th of August the summit of the next rising ground, near the house, having been cleared and levelled, a large shed was built over the ground, which the "Albatross" sailors and our workmen adorned with gay flags and green boughs. The Rajah walked there from our house, dressed in full uniform, as Governor of Labuan; then came Papa, the English residents, the Naval officers, and a number of Malays and Chinese, to witness the ceremony of laying the first great block of wood in the foundation of the Church of St. Thomas, Sarawak. A little hollow place in the block had some silver coins put into it,

and your brother Harry added a new silver four-pence his aunt Sophy had sent him; then, after some prayers had been read by Papa, the Rajah lowered the wooden block into its place, and we all returned home. From that day the church began to rise out of the earth with the same seeming magic as the house had done, for the great timbers were already prepared. It was most interesting to us—every arch, every moulding, each pillar in that church, was a subject of thought and discussion. I had to draw sketches of every part, and Papa often to make models of them for the Chinese carpenters, before they could understand. We had a German overseer for the Chinese; he was ship carpenter in the Mary Louisa, and followed us to Sarawak, when she was wrecked, because he hoped Papa would employ him for the house and church, which indeed we were very glad to do.

When we were at Singapore during the winter of 1849, Papa had a pulpit and reading-desk, chairs, and a painted glass east window, made with the cross of the Sarawak flag, deep blue and red, on a yellow ground, for the centre light. These pleased the Malays; indeed they admire our house and church immensely, and always

assure us, as do the Dyaks also, that they know we could not have built either, unless spirits, or genii (antoos), had helped us. Well, God gave "wisdom and understanding to Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man" among the Jews when the tabernacle was to be made; and so, doubtless, it is His good Spirit which inspires men with all knowledge, and the skill of the craftsman, for "every good and perfect gift comes from above." The baptismal font in our



CHURCH AND MISSION HOUSE, SARAWAK.

church is, I think, particularly pretty. It is a very large white shell; so large that a baby could be dipped into it if need be. It stands on a

wooden pedestal, which I meant should be carved like a branch of coral, but the carpenters could not manage it, so it is only a fluted column; but it was Papa's idea to put old father ocean to contribution. The church was not finished until January, 1851, when the Bishop of Calcutta paid us a visit, and consecrated it; but a great many events happened in the meanwhile.

In August, 1850, there was a war at Sambas, between the Chinese, who were friendly to the Dutch, and who were settled at Penankat, and the Montrado Chinese (with the Dyaks of the country, to help them,) who rebelled against the Dutch Government. The Montrados beat the Penankat Chinese, and they fled from the place, carrying with them their wives and children, and whatever goods and property they could cram into their boats. The boats were overladen, and many of them perished at sea, but some reached Tanjong Datu. On the 26th of August, 400 of these poor creatures arrived at Sarawak, saying there were 3000 more starving on the sands at Datu, who would follow as soon as they could; and, in course of time, most of them did find their way up the river, though Papa and the magistrates in charge of the government at

Sarawak, did their best to persuade them to make a town at Santubong, the entrance of the Sarawak river, and settle there; but the gold workings up the river were too great a temptation to them, and every day brought boats, full of Chinamen, into the place. Our Rajah fed these poor people for months with rice, and gave them tools that they might clear the ground, and make gardens in the jungle. At first, before they could build themselves houses, the whole place seemed upset by them, many lived in their boats, every shed and workshop in the town was full. One night Papa walked into the church, then unfinished, to see that all was safe there, for it was a great temptation to these poor people to steal the planks, which were piled ready for building. All was quiet; but, by a stray moonbeam, Papa perceived that the boarded east end of the church was full of mosquito curtains, and they as full of sleeping Chinamen. Such a thing could not be allowed—nails knocked into the polished walls, to tie the curtains to; tobacco perfuming the place, sirih juice squirted about, to say nothing of a considerable allowance of bugs, which Chinese people always carry about with them. Papa jumped straight into the

middle of the canvass curtains, with a shout, and, amidst a hubbub of Chinese tongues, yaw, yaw, and laughter, bundled them all out into the workmen's shed, close by, where they could sleep safely amongst the shavings, and do no damage. Even walking in the main strait of the town, at that time, I have seen mosquito curtains set out in the open air, so full to overflowing were the houses. Of course amongst such a number of people, who had undergone so many hardships, there was a great deal of sickness. Papa had so many patients that he asked the Rajah to build a hospital, which he did, a temporary place at first, and afterwards the upper part of the fort was appropriated to this purpose. Our good Rajah supplies all the medicines for the inmates of the hospital, as well as for all the sick in the place; he allows them food, and a servant to wait on them; Papa is their doctor, and teaches the missionaries to assist him. The first day the hospital was opened twenty beds were occupied. It will hold twenty-eight, and these have all been filled sometimes. It occurred to Papa, when all these Chinese strangers came to Sarawak, that some of them would be glad to have their children brought up with our seven

little orphans. He went therefore to Aboo, the Chinese magistrate, and offered to take ten children into our house, to be brought up as Christian children, baptized and educated for ten years.

The Chinese know something of the value of education, and were very glad to give them to us. I shall never forget sitting in the porch one morning to receive my new family. Often neither parents nor children could speak any Malay; they walked up the steps leading a little boy or girl, nodded and smiled at me, then put the child's hand into mine, as much as to say "there take it;" then I called one of my Chinese servants who could interpret to me in Malay, and made him tell the Papa and Mama what I would do for their child, and how, if I took it, it must be really mine, until it was grown up. In this way we took Sunfoon, and Salion, Chinzu, Quyfat, Assin, Umque, Achim, boys; Achong, Mokmoy, Poingzu, girls. None of them could speak any language except Chinese. When they came to us it was necessary to have a Chinese servant always with them, to tell us what they said and wanted. Then the Chinese tailor, and Elizabeth and I, were all busy making them new clothes

and mosquito curtains. In the course of a week they were all clean and neat—their heads nicely shaved, with their long tail of hair plaited smoothly behind, and tied with red and black silk; wide blue cotton trousers fastened round their waists; and blue jackets, adorned down the front and at the wrist with little ball brass buttons. The girls dressed just like the boys, except that their jackets reached to the knee.

On Sunday they had white jackets to wear at church, and every evening to walk out in, and round wide straw hats fastened under the chin, with a string of beads, the colour of which tells which child it belongs to. These ten children soon learnt to talk Malay: then we took five more, and after that, one now and then, until our school numbered twenty-seven with our seven little orphans. I scarcely think twenty-seven English children would have been so soon and easily reduced to order as our little foreigners; their ages varied from eighteen months to twelve years; only six were girls, yet they were docile and obedient, and followed each other like a flock of sheep. And now I will tell you how my children spend their day—they rise at half-past five, which is as soon as the day dawns: the little

boys, with their towels and soap in their hands, go down to a little stream, about a hundred yards below the house in the jungle, and bathe. They have a servant with them, who sees that they wash themselves properly. The little girls bathe in Elizabeth's bath-room in the house. Then the great boys run to church, and, when the bell in the porch gives them notice, they ring the church bell for early service. It goes for ten minutes; and then, all the rest of the children having eaten a great slice of cold rice pudding for their early breakfast, attend the short morning service. It takes about twenty minutes, when they sometimes have a walk, if I am with them, and the morning is not too hot; but more often they return home, and sit down to learn their lessons. By seven o'clock there is quite a buzzing of conning lessons down stairs at the long table of the school-room, which goes on till half-past eight, when the cook brings in an immense red earthern jar of boiled rice, and another smaller jar of fish, and vegetables curried; a pile of plates and spoons, and little tin mugs and a teapot. The books are all cleared away, and two boys (they all take it by turns), set the breakfast, the plates and spoons all down

the table, and the tin mugs, and the children in their places before them. Elizabeth then comes in, and the two boys bring her the plates to be filled with rice, and have a proper quantity of curry juice, fish, and vegetables put over it. No one begins till all are served, then they sing a grace—" We thank the Lord who gives us food, and all things else we have of good." A great clatter of spoons follows, and there used to be a great deal of talking, until I made a point of going down when I heard the grace sung, and sitting at the head of the table, when, if any little tongue began, I took up the plate, and threatened to remove it; once or twice I really took it away, and they soon learnt that a good breakfast was better than empty talk.

When all have finished they repeat a thanksgiving grace, the fragments are collected on one plate for the dogs, and two boys sweep the room out for school. From ten to one they are at lessons; the three eldest girls come up to me, the boys and little ones have an English schoolmaster, and two Chinese masters, to teach them English and Chinese reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. At one they have some more rice pudding and a little play. From two to

four lessons again, and the girls sewing; half-past four dinner, which is a repetition of the breakfast, only that they have sometimes fowls or pork curried, and sometimes eggs; at five they go to church for afternoon service, and, when that is over, I give them a singing lesson to the harmonium, which they like very much; they have learnt many simple chants and hymns, and sing in good tune, now they have learnt some time, but the Chinese are not a musical people. The lesson over they take a walk two and two in the public road, and when they meet the Rajah or Captain Brooke, off go all the hats, and they all cry out, "Good evening, Sir." The Rajah takes the kindest interest in these children: he always stops to speak to them, and sometimes he comes to the house to hear them sing; at others he sends for them all to come across the river to his house, and gives them a feast of fruit and cakes, and lets them play in his garden; he is constantly making presents to the school, and gives the children all the rice they eat, which is not a little.

On Sundays the children put on their best clothes, they learn their catechism in Malay and Chinese, and English hymns. After morning

church they have a luncheon of cakes, made of rice flour, and cocoa-nut, and sugar, and often fruit, pine apples and plantains; then they come up to me, and I let them have picture books to look at in the verandah and dining-hall. Their dinner is always curried fowls, which they like best, and they have a long walk in the evening after Malay service is over in church. At half-past seven they all stand round Elizabeth, and sing the Evening Hymn, then they kneel down, and the Chinese children say the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, the Malay children repeat the same in Malay: then altogether they say a little prayer I taught them in English. The little ones then go to bed, and the eldest boys soon follow; the little boys sleep in one long room, with a row of little beds in it, the eldest boys in a smaller room, the girls in a room out of Elizabeth's, on a great platform, made into a tent, by a mosquito curtain, and the youngest in a little crib beside it. What peace reigns in the house when they are all asleep.

LETTER XIII.

THE CHINESE AT SARAWAK.

February 1852.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

After all I told you about our family of twenty-seven children, in my last letter, you will see that ours is a busy household. There is not much inducement to lie in bed in the morning, in a climate where the early hours are the freshest, most cheerful part of the day; consequently we rise, not with the lark, for larks we have none, but with the *wawas* and wood pigeons, whose soft voices are heard with the dawn, and, after a cup of tea, we go to church. Our short service over the bell rings again to call the Chinese congregation. When I left Sarawak there were twenty Chinese adult converts baptized, and received into our Church. I think their attention was first turned to Christianity by their children being taken into our school; then Papa sent for a Christian Chinese teacher for the school, from Penang, and twice a week in the village, and twice a week at the hospital, gave public instruction to any Chinese who came

to hear Ayoon translating into Chinese what Papa said in English or Malay. When Mr. Fox came from Calcutta to help Papa these lectures fell to his share, and he is learning Chinese, that he may be more independent of Ayoon's translation. Soon after this a learned Chinese came from Sarebas, to set up a school at Sarawak. Papa engaged him to teach our children Chinese reading and writing, and employed him also to help Ayoon to translate some prayers into Chinese for our Christians. This led to many conversations with Singsong, as he is called, which ended in his desiring to be a Christian himself, and having his two little children baptized, and his wife instructed in Christianity.

Our Chinese converts increased, and their heathen neighbours began to mock at them, which is generally a good sign that the Devil is angry at not having all his own way. At that time Papa was very lame with rheumatism in his knee, and was obliged to use crutches; the Chinese carpenters told one of their Christian companions that it was a punishment inflicted upon Mr. M'Dougall by the Chinese gods, for interfering with their religion. "He is no longer a man," said they, "but obliged to go on four legs, like a beast."

The Chinese religion is not very well understood by the people at Sarawak. They think there is a Great God, "Lord of Heaven," who, having made the world, takes no further notice of it. But there are inferior deities, and evil spirits innumerable; they also worship their ancestors, and once a year make a great feast, which they spread out of doors before the Joss-house (place of worship), and a number of garments cut out of coloured paper, trousers and jackets, which they present to the ghosts of their forefathers, to wear till the day comes round again; I have often asked how it was that the ghosts never came either to eat the feast or claim the paper clothes, although they were called by a stunning noise of gongs and drums, and a kind of clashing cymbal, which is deafening to mortal ear. "Well, they do not come, so we eat the feast ourselves." This, I suspect, is the reason why it is still offered. The dishes are most curious--sucking pigs baked and standing in the dish on their four legs, with a lime in their mouths; fowls and ducks roasted, and their feathers stuck on again, placed in every imaginable attitude. The Chinese in reality worship their stomachs, or, as a man once said to me,

"their God likes to see them eat." One curious notion they have, which shows their consciences are still awake. In every house stands an altar —a table gaily decorated with coloured paper, and tinsel, and on which perfumed sticks are burnt every day, and prayers offered. A god, they say, on this altar listens to, and records, all that is done in the house, and just before the new year he goes up to give his account to a greater Deity in heaven; he stays some days away, and if the Chinese think that he has not returned on the right day, they call him with their noisy music, and, taking a little image of him into the street, they throw dirt at it, and abuse him for neglecting his duties.

The new year is the grand festival of the Chinese, it falls in February. They are obliged to pay up all their debts on that day, and so great is the disgrace incurred, if they do not, that they sometimes take a strange way of doing it, by breaking into other people's houses, and committing most daring robberies; so as the debts are paid, it matters not where the money comes from. The English at Singapore, where the Chinese are numerous, are obliged to be very watchful over their property about the time of

the new year. A lady there told me, that as she was sitting in her drawing-room one morning, a Chinaman walked in, took the French clock off the side table, tucked it under his arm, and walked out again. She was so astonished at his audacity, and the quickness with which he did it, that before she could call to the servants, thief and clock had both vanished out of the compound, and she never saw them again. They are clever thieves; a natural cool impudence and great ingenuity fits them for this accomplishment.

The last time I was at Singapore, the Chinese of the place built a new Joss-house, and consecrated it by a wonderful procession, which cost them 40,000 dollars, nearly £9000. I believe there was not a poor Chinaman, however low his wages, or wretched his condition, who did not subscribe towards it.

The procession was at night, by torchlight, and passed all through the town. I sat outside the shop of one of the principal Chinese merchants, with many other ladies, and saw it to advantage, for, out of respect to this merchant, every curious or beautiful thing made a pause before his door. It took two hours walking past, and was a complete masquerade; birds, beasts, fishes, butterflies, and flowers, were all repre-

sented; some as lamps, most delicately made and painted, some alive and in motion. The most striking was an enormous sea-serpent, ingeniously contrived by drapery thrown over cushions; under each cushion walked a man, concealed by the hanging cloth, who managed to move the cushion, so as to resemble the spinal bone of an immense serpent undulating in mid-air; the head, with huge open jaws, and a great red tongue lolling out, was carried by a man who flourished it from side to side of the crowded street, as if it would devour the bystanders, while another man walking backwards, held a long spear, with which he pretended to attack the monster, and deter him in every dash he made at the populace. This serpent extended the whole length of two long streets, and was the most striking feature of the procession. There was also a monster elephant, but not so well made. Numbers of young children, dressed in the richest costumes, and with their faces painted, acted pantomimes on stages carried by porters, some were on horseback. No one could explain this procession to me, but I think all the ranks and grades in China, and every profession and calling, down to the humblest water-carrier, was there represented as taking

part in the homage to the god of the new Joss-house. There were Mandarins of all sorts of buttons, designating their various ranks; military and civil officers, trades, manufacturers, and artizans, fine ladies and poor women, and even mad people and idiots imitated by the most clever pantomime. The embroidered banners were beautiful pieces of work; indeed, the procession must have cost the labour of months, as well as the outlay of a great sum of money. When will our English people show such an unanimous zeal for their religion? When will all ranks and classes of men, high and low, join together to do homage to the God who pours His benefits upon them? When they all know and feel that their happiness and peace of mind in this world depends upon their consecrating all they have to God's service. There is no station in life so high that it is not ennobled by devotion to God, nor any so mean, that He will not accept its consecration to Him. I thought so when I saw the barbers, the carpenters, the water-carriers, and lamp-lighters, in the procession of the Singapore Joss: yet it must be a great change for a Chinaman to give up this gaudy, noisy, sensual religion, for the heart-worship of Christianity. It is delightful to see our poor Chinese coming

twice a day, after morning and evening service, to say their prayers in church. On Sunday, besides the usual prayers, they have a lecture on the gospel for the day, or some portion of scripture from Papa, translated into Chinese by Sing-song, sentence by sentence.

The population in China is so numerous that the men are obliged to emigrate in large numbers to other countries; it is, however, contrary to the law of the land, that any woman should accompany them; so the poorest men leave their wives, to make their fortunes elsewhere, hoping always to return some day to their families, and meanwhile sending all the gold they acquire to their mother country. But though this is generally the plan, there are exceptions. The Chinese who originally settled in the Dutch territories of Borneo married Dyak women, and their children again grew up and married Chinese, until there is a sturdy race of Dyak-Chinese in the country. Many of these people are now settled at Sarawak, and, as they are very industrious, being the gardeners, carpenters, and smiths of the place, we are very anxious that they should become Christians, and carry the good news of the gospel with them, should they ever return to their own country.

There are now three clergymen besides Papa at Sarawak, or rather one resides there, and the other two are teaching the Dyaks at Lundu and Linga; so that Papa can often leave the place for a time, and visit the Dyaks up different rivers, without the church services or duties at Kuching being stopped, during his absence, on these occasions. Papa takes a medicine chest well stored, with him, a box of tobacco, and various presents for his wild friends; a few pairs of spectacles, generally, among the number; for they think so much of the Englishman's eye physic—indeed, the difficulty is to persuade them that there is any illness Papa cannot cure if he tries. I have often heard him say to old people, whose sight is gone from age, or who, for the same reason, are cramped with rheumatism, "Your ailment is age, I cannot cure it." "Very true," say they; "but God will let you make us better if you try."

I am now going to send you in the next few letters extracts from Papa's Journal, during a month's excursion he took, with Captain Brooke, up the Sakarran and Rejang rivers. Papa was ill and lame at the time, but he thought the change of air would do him good, and that, meanwhile, he could be doing good to others.

He had a large boat, paddled by thirty men, and a little room built in it, shaped like a tent, and painted blue and white. This room just held a little couch, for Papa to lie on, and his clothes and stores. The expedition was undertaken to make peace between certain principal Dyak tribes who had long been at war, and to build a fort on the Rejang river, similar to the one at Sakarran, where an Englishman, Mr. Steel, and some Malays were to live, and prevent the neighbouring tribes from going past with pirate fleets. These rivers do not belong to our Rajah, as do the rivers of Sarawak, Lundu, and Samarahan. But, by means of his great influence with the natives, and the wholesome fear of an English steamer, he has hitherto been able, since the last punishment at Sarebas, to restrain these people from piracy, and induce the well-disposed amongst them to assist him in so doing. These expeditions, the building of forts, and storing them with arms and ammunition, is a great expense to the Rajah; but he has always devoted himself and all he has to the good of those within his influence, and would think himself richly rewarded for all his outlay, if he could see these wild people laying aside their fierce, bad habits,

and becoming as happy and peaceful as his own subjects at Sarawak.

On the 17th of April, 1851, Captain Brooke, the Rajah's nephew, and representative in his absence, accompanied by Mr. St. John and Papa, set off for Sakarran, on their way to the Rejang, and two of the Malay Datus, in their large war-boats, went also. Captain Brooke was in the "Jolly Bachelor," the Rajah's gun boat. Papa in the Layang (Swallow); there was also a cooking-boat, under the command of Cassim, a Malay. The little fleet only got part of the way down the river the first day. They stopped at a village to have the sides of their boats raised, by the addition of *attaps*, or mats made from the Nepa Palm, which grows all along the banks of the rivers, near their mouths, where the salt tide comes up from the sea. We will leave them there while I tell you all the uses this palm is to the natives. The leaves make the thatch of their houses, and also the walls, when they are sewn together with split rattans. From the juice of the tree they make a fermented drink, something like sweet beer, and also good brown sugar. The young shoots are eaten in curries and salads. The fruit makes a good preserve and pickle. But the most valuable production of a

Nepa Palm to a Dyak is the salt they make from the ashes of the leaves: to obtain this they first burn the leaves and stem of the tree, and carefully wash the burnt ashes in water; this water is then boiled until it is evaporated, and the salt it has washed out of the Nepa leaves remains at the bottom of the pot. It is nasty black-looking stuff, and has a bitter taste, but the Dyaks esteem it far superior to bright white sea-salt, and will pay a great price for it. If you ask them why they like it, they say, "it is a fat salt." Papa visited an establishment for the making of this salt, at a village called Sibow, on the Rejang river.

LETTER XIV.

JOURNAL OF A TRIP UP THE REJANG.

March, 1852.

MY DARLING BOY,

Papa's boat was so deeply laden, and the sea so high outside the mouth of the Sarawak, that he determined to remove to the Jolly Bachelor, until they were in still water again. So they ran out to sea, and a fine wind carried them into the Batang Lupar, a beautiful river, which, fifteen miles from the mouth, is four miles across, with pretty wooded islands, standing here and there in the deep stream. Just before they anchored, seven bold pigs swam by, crossing the river. These pigs live in great numbers in the jungle, and think nothing of a swim of four miles to the places where they know there are trees laden with ripe fruit. Papa says, "About sunset a sow and family of wild pigs passed us; we jumped into a boat and gave chase: hard work we had of it, with five fellows paddling, to come up to them, they swim so very fast. We speared and sabred six, one an enormous brute.

The Lingas say, that within these last two months they have taken three hundred pigs." They certainly are a different species from the Indian hog or European boar: they have enormous heads, and are capital jumpers; I have known them at Sarawak leap a fence nearly six feet high: they stand high on their legs, and the males are very shaggy on the head and neck: some are black, and some are white.

At Linga they anchored about sunset, and found Mr. Brereton and a party of Sakarrans, who were come on purpose to agree with the Lingas about their treaty of peace. The next day was Sunday. Papa had service on board the "Jolly," and preached to his little congregation of five Englishmen. The Sakarran chief, Gila Brani, and many of his followers sat on deck, watching in respectful silence the progress of the service; they were much struck with Papa's cassock, and the responses made by the English. Papa adds, "I am sure our daily prayers and services, while on these excursions in our boats, which are necessarily in public, have a great and good effect upon ourselves and upon the native mind; and I am most thankful that all our English, at Sarawak, are always ready to join and assist in them.

"Last night I had one of those remarkable escapes which have once and again, in the course of my life, plainly shewn the preserving hand of my Heavenly Father in saving me from death. I came upon deck about one in the morning, and was sitting over the stern enjoying the moonlight, and watching the rushing of the fearfully rapid tide, when the crutch of the boom, to which I was trusting for support, gave way, and over the stern I went, expecting to be carried under the boats and drowned. Though a good swimmer, I should have had very little chance in such a race of water; while, had I managed to escape that danger, I might have been taken by some shark or alligator, with which the river abounds. I had seen a large shark swimming round us that morning during service. But God, in His mercy, ordered better for me; the swing of the vessel, at the moment I fell, brought the dingy or schooner's boat, which, a few minutes before, was distant the whole length of its painter or rope, close under the stern, so that I fell across her bows, and received no injury except a bruise on the arm from the keel on which I fell, and by which I hauled myself into the boat. 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who redeemeth thy life from destruc-

tion; and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.' "

The fleet had to wait in the Linga river for several days, until the Balow Dyaks could fetch the jars they meant to exchange with the Sakarrans as a sign of peace. I do not remember having told you anything about these jars. Every Dyak tribe possesses some, according to their riches and importance. They are large brown coloured jars, with handles at the sides, and sometimes figures of dragons on them. No one would suppose, from their appearance, that they were worth more than the common earthen water-pots we use in our bath-houses, but to the Dyaks they have the value of remote antiquity. They say their ancestors bequeathed them to them, as the property of the tribe, therefore they never part with them, except by exchange for similar ones, as tokens of amity with other tribes. The Chinese have often had jars made so closely to imitate them, that they have hoped to sell them to the Dyaks for large sums; but they have never yet deceived them. They detect a difference where no European or Chinese eye can, and at once pronounce them of no value; yet forty dollars is the price they put upon their least esteemed *tajows*, and the more rare ones could not be pur-

chased for hundreds of dollars. These jars remind me of a story of a little Dyak child, who was taken prisoner in the expedition of 1849, against the Sarebas pirates. His father was killed, and the boy, who was about eight years old, was brought to the Rajah. For several days the little fellow seemed happy in his captivity; but then he begged to speak to the "Tuan Rajah," and told him confidentially that he knew a place in the jungle where certain valuable *tajows*, belonging to his tribe, were secreted, and, if he would land him with a party of Malays, he would point out the place. The Rajah believed the child, the jars were found, and taken on board the boat; then the boy again went to the Rajah, and bursting into tears, he said, "I have given you the riches of my tribe, and now in return, give me my liberty, set me down in a path I will shew you in the jungle, give me some food, and in two days I shall reach my home and find my mother." The Rajah answered, "My poor child, I would willingly do as you ask me, but I fear you will be lost in the jungle, and will die before you reach your home; for how can such a child as you know the way?" However, the boy persisted, and the Rajah gave him whatever he wished for—a china cup, a glass tumbler, a gay

sarong, and some food, and the little fellow set off, on the jungle path, with his bundle on his back, joyful enough; and, as we afterwards heard, rejoined his mother and friends in safety.

Now some more of Papa's Journal. "While at breakfast this morning, one of the men told me he had seen the people with tails, who are so much the objects of curiosity with us. They live fifteen days up a river in the interior of Bruni (a Malay or Dyak always measures distances by so many days' journey, as we find distances measured in the Old Testament). It is a large river, but in some places runs through caverns, where they can only pass on small rafts. He was sent there by Pangeran Mumeem to get goats, as these tailed gentry keep a great many of them. He says their tails are as long as the two lower joints of his middle finger, fleshy and stiff. They must be very inconvenient, for they are obliged either to sit on little logs of wood made on purpose, or to make a hole in the earth to accommodate their tails, before they can sit down. These people do not eat rice, like most Dyaks, but sago cakes baked in an iron pot. In their country, he says, is a great stone fort, with nine large iron guns, of which the people can

give no account, not knowing when or by whom it was built.

"After dinner, when the men sit round me, and smoke cigars which I give them, they soon enter into conversation; without this sign of friendship and good will, they would not open their mouths, but sit round like mutes. We spoke a good deal to-day on the subject of religion, the difference between Christianity and Mahometanism, and above all, the absurdity of their repeating the Koran like so many parrots, without understanding one word of what they say, and the real irreverence of addressing God in words they do not understand, and in which their hearts and feelings can take no part. They agreed with me, that it would be desirable to understand God's law for themselves, and not trust merely to the Hadjis, who are often as ignorant as they are. A respectable old Bruni man, in speaking of the separate races of people, white, black, and yellow men, all coming from one parent, said that he had visited a tribe of white people, who lived on a high hill, a few days in the interior of Bruni, and had seen them many times; they are very white, the women beautiful, with light hair, and the blue veins shewing in their skin. The men wear a chawat (waist cloth)

like the Dyaks; the women, a long black robe, tight at the waist and puffed out at the shoulders. The tradition of their origin, which he learnt from them, is as follows:—A long time ago, an old man, who lived on this mountain, lost himself in the jungle at the foot of it, and at night, being tired and afraid of snakes and the evil spirits of the wood, he got up into a tree and fell asleep. He was awoke by a noise of ravishing music, the sweetest gongs and *chanangs* and voices, over his head; the music came nearer and nearer to the place where he was, until he heard the sound of those sweet voices under the tree, and looking down, he beheld a large clear fountain opened beneath it, and seven beautiful white females bathing. They were all of different sizes, like fingers on a man's hand, all naked, and they sang and sported in the moonlight. He watched them a long time, and thought how much he should like to get one of them as a wife for his only son; but being afraid of descending amongst them, he made a noose with a long rattan, lowered it gently, and slipping it over one of them, drew her up into the tree. She cried out, and all the rest disappeared with a whirring noise. The girl he caught was very young, and cried sadly

because she had no clothes on. Nothing would quiet her, until he rolled her in his *chawat*, she was then still; and he immediately heard the gongs at his own house, which he had thought was a long way off, so he got down and carried his prize home. He and his wife took the greatest care of the girl, and brought her up as a daughter, until she was old enough to marry their son. She was very good and sweet-tempered, and everybody loved her. In course of time she had a son, white like herself. One day her husband was in a very violent temper, and beat her; she besought him not to make her cry, or she should be taken away from him and her child, but he did not heed her, and at last pulled off her jacket to beat her; immediately another jacket was dropped with a great noise from the sky upon their house; she put it on, and then vanished upwards, leaving her child, who was the ancestor of the present tribe.—Who would have thought of a Dyak Undine?"

While the Malay was telling Papa this story they were waiting in a sheltered nook of the Sakarran river for the bore to pass, before they dare venture up to the fort. They listened for its rushing, with thrilling interest, and then, fol-

lowing in its wake, got up to the fort about eleven o'clock at night. "Found," Papa writes, "Brereton in council with his Dyaks. These Sakarrans are fine fellows, and will, I think, really reform when peace is concluded, and if we can place a missionary in these rivers, good-will and Christianity may be established among them."

The next few days were taken up with hearing all the Sakarrans and Lingas had to say about their claims on one another. They had long been at war; and six years before, when the Rajah prevailed on them to make peace, they made and broke it the same day, each finding fault with the other on the occasion. But there could be no comfort for either tribe, until they left off taking each other's heads; the Lingas, lying lower down the river, could cut off the Sakarran trading boats, one by one, and the Lingas dare not venture up the river for the same reason. At last matters were arranged, and a platform being made under a spreading banyan tree, on a piece of neutral ground, Captain Brooke and the English who were with him, the Malay Datus and the Dyak chiefs assembled there, and Captain Brooke made a speech to

them and the multitude who stood around. He described the evils of piracy and war, and said he had come from the Rajah to make them brothers, and that, when peace was made, whoever broke it should be accounted the enemy of the Rajah, as well as of the offended tribe. He then presented the chief of each tribe with a jar a spear, and a Sarawak flag, as a present from the Sarawak Government, and a witness of their good-will to one another. Papa adds: "Nothing could be more picturesque than the whole scene, the surface of the river dotted all over with the formidable, sea-serpent-like *bangkongs*, gaily painted, and adorned with streamers and flags of all colours, contrasting with the solemn jungle back-ground. A hopeful sight it was to behold these wild children of nature, to whom piracy and war has been hitherto a glory, almost a virtue, throwing aside revenge and mutual hatred, and, against all their customs and all the promptings of their evil natures, listening to the few words of the Englishman, and then determining to live henceforth in peace. Gassim and Gila, on the part of Sakarran, and Tongat Langit (Staff of heaven), the Linga chief, joined hands, and each tribe killed a pig with great ceremony, the

necessary feat being to strike the head off at one blow. Then they feasted and rejoiced together."

"Thursday, April 24th. Started early in the morning to visit Gassim, at his farm-house, where we breakfasted. Captain Brooke dispensed presents of looking-glasses, etc., to the women, and I physic to the sick. The house had about twenty doors (which means that twenty families were living in it), and all the people look well-fed and contented, and more or less good-looking; their houses clean and comfortable, furnished with beautiful mats. They all seem well-off, easy, independent people, frank and manly in their demeanour. I saw no heads, but I did not ask for any. A raised seat was made for Captain Brooke, and we sat round it. Gassim's house must be seventy or eighty miles from the sea. The river here is about as wide as the Thames at Chertsey. After staying as long as we could, on account of the tide, the people followed us down to the boat, expressing their disappointment at our leaving so soon. The main body of the tribe live two days and a half higher up the river. Still farther in the interior are a race of men who build no houses, but live in trees, and subsist by the chase. I hope to

visit them some day. Both Gassim and Gila, on my leaving, represented to me their desire of following Tuan Padre's brother (the missionary who was promised them); when he came, they said, they would build him a house, and take care of him, and make their children and people learn what he would teach them. On our way down the river we stopped for a time at the fort, then bade adieu to Willie Brereton, whom may God preserve, and give a right judgment in all things in his important charge." We will leave Papa on his way from the Sakarran river to the Rejang, where we shall hope to follow him in our next letter.

LETTER XV.

CONTINUATION OF THE JOURNAL OF A TRIP UP THE REJANG.

April, 1852.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

Captain Brooke, and his little fleet, proceeded down the Sakarran river into the Batang Lupar again, and from thence to the Rejang, a magnificent river, thirteen fathoms deep close to the bank, and not troubled with a bore. The boats' crews paddled at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty miles a day; and they were four days getting as far as the Kenowit river, on the banks of which, at its junction with the Rejang, the new fort was to be built. Papa describes the scenery of the Rejang, during these four days, as follows:—

"April 28th. Brought up in a magnificent reach of the river, which is here eighty miles from the sea, half a mile broad, and very deep up to the banks; wild nutmegs and a great number of jungle fruit-trees grow on either side, and greatly excite my men as we pass by. They are like boys in England coveting apples, and when

I do let them land, they yell and screech for joy. They scramble up the trees like monkeys, and in an incredibly short time, every fruit-bearing bough is lopped off by the *parangs* of the climbers; while those beneath gather the fruit as it comes down. They are most destructive to the trees, and rather than lose an inaccessible morsel, down comes the whole tree in no time. They brought me, this afternoon, a fruit in colour, size, and shape like an Orleans plum, but tasting just like a *mango—buahrowa* they call it, and another green fruit, with a thick fleshy skin, tasting like a green almond; they eat both skin and kernel, but say that if given to a dog or cat, it kills them. We saw some beautiful orchideous and other flowers to-day, indeed, these banks are enchanting. Earth, water, and air seem to have combined together to bring forth the greatest variety of the grand, elegant, and fantastic in form, fashion, and colour, that vegetable nature can produce; from the finest grasses to the graceful *waringa*, and lordly *tapang* trees; and the ear and smell are as much pleased as the sight, by the full joyous note of the *burong boya*, and the delicious fragrance of the flowering trees and plants."

Again, on the 29th, when they were at Sibow,

the Nepa salt manufactory—"The soil here and all along the river is magnificent. The vegetables and fruit growing in the gardens at this place, which have no culture, but are left entirely to themselves when planted, are most luxurious. A man in the next boat is sucking a stick of sugar-cane, which cannot be less than two inches and a half in diameter. There could not be a finer country for growing sugar and cotton." Do you know, Charley, we Sarawak folks are as fond of sucking sugar-cane, as a little boy I know is of sugar-candy. When my children walk out of an evening, some kind Chinaman often cuts them a bundle of canes to take home; then we cut them into short lengths, pare the skin off, and sit down to our feast, which I confess is rather a mess, for the juice runs down your fingers faster than you can swallow it, and all the stringy texture of the cane has to be put out of your mouth again: but it is very pleasant and refreshing when you are thirsty.

To return to Papa. "The whole of our way to day, the river was like a lake, often a mile or more broad, with a succession of beautiful islands. Ships of the largest burden might sail up and down this river for more than one hundred miles, without a single danger, and small vessels very

much farther. To day I shot a beautiful crested falcon.

"May 1st. Arrived at Kenowit. A tribe of Milanows have been induced to come here and settle quite lately by the Rajah. Within the last few weeks they have built two long and substantial houses, raised thirty feet from the ground, on trunks of trees, some two feet in diameter. There are in all sixty doors or houses. The tribe furnishes three hundred fighting men, and numbers from fifteen hundred to two thousand. The bachelors, as with the Dyaks, have a separate dwelling. Tanee's tribe, who are returning to Sibow on the Rajah's promise of a fort at Kenowit, are of the same tribe, and number about three hundred men. They speak the Milanow language, and have the same customs of burial. The men and some of the women are tattooed in the most complicated and grotesque patterns. When you look at them closely, the invention displayed in them is truly remarkable; but at a distance, they give a dusky, dingy appearance to the men, as if they were daubed with an inky sponge. Nature having denied them beards, they try to make up for the deficiency by the quaintest serpentine curly locks tattooed along their faces, and always bordered by a vandyke

fringe, which must task their utmost ingenuity. The common dress of the men is like the Dyaks; but instead of a number of small rings in their ears, the lobe of the ear is itself stretched into a ring, so as in many cases to reach the shoulders, and to this the women hang large heavy brass or tin ornaments. The poor little infants' faces are horribly distorted by the discomfort and weight of these masses of metal, which they are obliged to wear at the earliest age, or their ears would never arrive at the desirable state of deformity so much admired by their parents. Tanee, who has followed us with some of the warriors of his tribe, is the very exquisite of a Kenowit. He is made like a Hercules, and is proud of shewing his strength and agility, whenever an opportunity offers. He piques himself upon having the best sword, of fine Kyan make and native metal, and the strongest arm in his tribe. He sits most of the day sharpening one or another of these swords, feeling and looking along its edge, to see that the weapon is in perfect order, then to prove it he seeks for a suitable block of wood, as thick as his arm, severs it with a single blow, gives a yell, and with a grin of delight returns the weapon to its sheath. His jacket is of scarlet satin, his long hair is confined by a gold em-

broidered handkerchief; his *chawat* is of fine white cloth, very long, and richly embroidered, the ends of which hang down to his knees. He wears behind an apron of panther's skin, trimmed with red cloth and alligator's teeth, and other charms; this hangs from his loins to his knees, and always affords him a dry seat. Most of the Dyaks here wear mat aprons of like sort; they say they are a great comfort in paddling.

Tanee's boat is a long *tamooee*, made out of one tree, like out river canoes, but much lighter and faster. His cabin is a raised platform, in the centre of the boat, covered with a mat, which is hung all round with weapons and trophies of war, Kyan fighting coats of bear and buffalo hides, having bead or shell head-pieces attached, shields, and spears, all gaily decked with argus feathers, or human hair dyed red." All the time Papa was travelling in his boat from one Dyak village to another, he was busily employed as a doctor. "Had a young man brought to me, with a deep cut about four inches above his ancle. I strapped and bandaged him, and he appeared very grateful." Another day, "as usual, held my levee; for, as soon as the people see I am up and have bathed, without waiting for me to dress, they come with the sick and ailing, and much impede the pro-

gress of my toilet. May 1st. I remained in my boat most of the day, and had plenty to do in administering to the sick, who came to me in boat-loads. Finding myself so beset with patients in my boat, that I could get no peace, I told the chief of the Kenowit village, Sikali, that he might come for me in the afternoon, and I would see the sick at his house. Accordingly I went, took my medicine chest, and had an afternoon's hard work at dispensing.

"Sunday, 4th. Brooke, St. John and I, landed from our boats, and took up our abode at Palabun's house, at one end of the verandah. After breakfast I physicked the people, and then we had the morning service, much to the surprise of the natives, who, however, did not disturb us. They sit round us all day, hearing and asking us questions. I had a long talk with Sikali about religion. It is plain that neither he nor his people have any. They seem to be a mixed race, between the Kyans and Milanows, speaking the Milanow language, and using the dress, arms, tattooing, and boats of the Kyans.

"The Kyans of the interior are just now in great dread of the small pox. Cum Nipa, a great Kyan chief, whom we hoped to visit during this excursion, and who has sent messages of

friendship and presents to the Rajah, has, we hear, lost two of his children by this fatal disease; and he and his tribe have left their houses, and taken to the jungle, until it abates. It will probably kill half of them." Since this was written, Papa has sent vaccine to Mr. Steel, who has been in charge of the fort at Kenowit, and he has vaccinated numbers of the natives, a blessing they can well appreciate, for the terror with which they regard small pox makes them neglect everything when it appears amongst them; their crops are unsown or unreaped, their occupations discontinued, even the sick are neglected, and they live on what roots or fruit they find in the jungle, until it has passed away.

"Cum Nipa's people live much further up the river; they say it would take us six days to get there in a fast Kyan boat, and at least ten in our own, as there is a heavy fresh down the river at this time. The river there, they tell us, is as large as the Sarawak at Kuching. The Kyan houses are planked, and roofed with balean *attaps*, and have raised seats of polished wood round the rooms; this is a great improvement on a common Dyak house, with mat walls and open lath floors, on which you must sit cross-legged. Palabun's people are larger than the Dyaks, with straighter

noses, and look very like wild Irishmen; the women have peculiar long oval eyes, and are tall and well made, but, like the men, dirty and dingy looking, and by no means so prepossessing as the sleek, shiny skinned, upright, agile Sakarrans.

"Our old friend Pa Jenna, the Dyak Orang Kaya of Poe, who was kept a prisoner at Sarawak, to frighten him and his tribe from piracy, came down to see us; he has evidently a great liking for us, and does not forget that, instead of being killed for a pirate when he was taken prisoner, as he expected, he was well and kindly treated at Sarawak. This has had a very good effect; he has now the greatest confidence in us, and says he will follow the Rajah in all things, and gladly learn our religion, if we will send some one to teach him, as he and his people know nothing of God."

Pa Jenna paid me a visit at Sarawak, soon after this. The Rajah was in England, but Pa Jenna coming into my sitting room, immediately espied his picture hanging against the wall. I was much struck with the expression of involuntary respect, which both the face and attitude of this untutored savage assumed as he stood before the Rajah's picture: he raised the handkerchief from his head, and saluting the picture with a

bow, such as a Roman Catholic would make to his patron saint's altar, he whispered to himself, 'Our great Rajah.' This is not the only time, Charley, that I have seen how deep, in the hearts of the natives, lie love and reverence for Sir James Brooke—the least occasion calls it out.

When our Rajah last left us to spend a year in England, we established a custom of invariably seasoning our glass of wine after dinner, with a wish for his welfare and speedy return to us. One day the old Orang Kaya of Lundu came in with his followers just before our usual toast, and we gave him a glass of wine, saying, "To the Rajah"—he raised the glass in both hands, "Peace to our Rajah," said he—then, tossing off the wine, he continued, with folded hands and bowed head, to pray that "God would be with him and bless him in all his ways." It was a heartfelt prayer and solemn blessing on one who had indeed been his friend and benefactor, but there was not a person in the room nor in Sarawak who would not heartily have said "Amen."

LETTER XVI.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE JOURNAL OF A TRIP UP THE REJANG.

May, 1852.

My Dearest Charley,

I will now continue Papa's Journal. "At the junction of Kenowit with the Rejang is a point of land commanding both rivers; this was the building site for the fort which is to prevent the Dyak fleets coming down the Kenowit, for piratical excursions, and to protect the Kenowits and all peaceable traders. The men of our flotilla of twenty boats, from seven to eight hundred, have all landed to pull down the temporary fort already erected by the Kenowits, and to cut wood to build it on a larger scale. It is to have four guns, besides swivels, on the turrets or parapet, and is to contain a house within for Abong Duraup, the present commandant, our Patinghi's brother and his men, and a powder magazine. It is to be built chiefly of *balean*, and roofed with *balean attaps*. Seriff

Messour with five prahus, came from Serrekei to help to build the fort: he says he reads the Malay Bible I gave him last year, and likes it.

Monday 5th. Captain Brooke called a council to-day, at which the Orang Kayas that had come to meet us were present—Garingei, Lang, Nawi, Pa Jenna, Palabun and Sikali. They were told that the fort was building for their good, to prevent their fighting with each other, or going out in fleets to pirate, but now they could trade in safety, get their salt and all things cheaper; and if they lived at peace and encouraged trade, they would become rich and comfortable, and their countries full of people. In the afternoon there was a great commotion in the house, and all the women set up the most dismal howlings imaginable, news having arrived that Palabun's brother, who had left two years ago with a party of fourteen, to visit a friendly tribe in the interior, near the Pontianak waters, had been killed, with six of his companions, in a most treacherous way; the people that he and these six men lived with asked them to go out in the war path to take some heads, and while they were out, for whatever reason, they killed the whole party: perhaps they could get no heads, and rather than

return without any, took those of their friends! or, what is more likely, they quarrelled among themselves. Palabun's brother is said to have been a very high-spirited, brave young man. Palabun himself is dreadfully distressed at his death, and swears vengeance, but we hope to pacify him before we leave. The whole tribe goes into mourning for three months; the women cut their hair, lay aside all their ornaments, and wear bark clothes. They keep up their howling also during that time. All the property of the deceased is collected and launched forth in a boat, no one of the tribe daring to touch anything that belonged to a dead man.

Tuesday 6th. The women kept up dismal weepings during the night. In the morning I went to see the young chief's things laid out preparatory to their being sent on their fruitless journey after him. They were all arranged under a canopy, made of his *sarongs*, two were of rich gold cloth (value about fifty dollars each), and the rest of his wardrobe was disposed under it, so as to represent a corpse on a bier; the gold ornaments alone, consisting of large buttons, a breastplate, and a very rich and handsome *kris* handle of ancient Javanese, or Indian manufac-

ture, representing a figure of Buddha, cannot be worth less than two hundred dollars: besides this there were gongs and two brass guns. Two women were lying by the bier on either side the effigy, and the father, a very old man, sat beside it watching; the women every now and then raising a mournful howl. In three days these things will be launched down the river in a boat made for the purpose, and if any one were known to touch it he would be slain. If the body had been recovered, it would have been launched with its former property in the boat. This is the invariable mode of burial with the Milanows. The general fate of these funeral barks is to get capsized, when the things all go to the bottom; but should a Malay happen to fall in with such a treasure, he would not scruple to appropriate it, and of this Palabun was doubtless aware, as he took care not to send away his brother's property until we had left the river.

This foolish custom, of which they can give no account, except that they received it from their fathers, prevents any valuables or heir looms remaining in the tribe. For, when a man dies, all he possesses is, they say, sent after him, lest he should want it hereafter; yet they can give no

account of their ideas of a future life. May they soon know, and have the hope of, a happy eternity through Jesus Christ our Lord. The fort was finished building to-day, and, when the guns arrive from the gun boat, we shall return. Before dinner we were entertained with a Kenowit pantomime war-dance. Two men appeared, fully armed, supposed to be on the war path looking for heads, keeping time to the beat of the tom toms. They seemed to go through all the motions of looking out for an enemy, watching behind a tree, pulling out the *ranjows* from the path (these are sharp pieces of cane, stuck into the ground, with their points upwards, to wound the feet of their enemies). At length they descry one another, dance defiance, and, flourishing their swords and shields in the most agile manner, they commence the attack. It was most remarkable to witness the nimbleness and skill with which they managed their shields, covering their bodies so that it was impossible to get a stroke at each other. They say that, in a real combat, to strike the shield is certain death, for the sword sticks in it, and cannot be withdrawn, before the man whose sword is free rushes in. After a time one of the combatants fell wounded, and covered his body with his shield. The other

danced round him triumphantly, and, with one blow, pretended to cut off his head; then, with the head in his hand he capered about with the wildest gestures, expressive of the very ecstasy of savage delight; but, on looking at his trophy closely, he recognised the head and features of a friend, and, smitten with remorse, he replaced it with great solicitude; then moving with slowly measured tread, he wept, and, with many sighs of grief, refixed and adjusted the head the greatest care; caught rain in his shield, and poured it over the body; then he rubbed and shook the limbs, which, by degrees, resuscitated, and became invigorated by his mesmeric-like passings and chafings, from the feet upwards; each limb, as it revived, beat time to the music, first faintly, then with more and more vigour, till he came to the head, and, when that nodded satisfactorily, and the whole body of his friend was in motion, he gave him a few extra shakes, lifted him on his legs, and the whole scene concluded by their both dancing right merrily. This dance is quite characteristic of their habits of attacking indiscriminately the first person they meet when they go out on the war path to take heads.

A few years ago it would have been very dangerous for us to have been with these people,

when the news of the young chief's death arrived. They are in the habit, on these occasion of bereavement, of making a vow to go forth and kill the first persons they meet; and like Jeptha's, their rash vow often brings desolation to their own household. Sikali, the chief of the next house, a few years ago lost a child and brother, he went out with his followers, met a party of his own tribe returning home, and slew them all. Tanee did the same on a like occasion. Palabun, persuaded by Captain Brooke, gave up his ideas of retaliation for his brother's death, on condition, that Captain Brooke, should endeavour to get satisfaction, through Cum Nipa's influence, from the Kapuas people.

The guns arrived last night; they were mounted at the fort before breakfast, and a garrison of 70 men, under Abong Duraup and Galo, appointed to guard it. At midday there was another council, at which the Sakarrans and Kenowits expressed their purpose to abide by the Rajah's injunctions, and not to pirate again. After this, the flag was hoisted at the Fort and saluted. I dispensed a stock of medicine to my patients with directions how to use it; one of the head men, Henion, is, from last week's treatment, almost restored to sight, and will be quite so, if

he perseveres in following my advice. After this, I had again a talk with Palabun, about becoming a Christian, and he repeated his earnest desire of having a Missionary sent to him and his people. There cannot be a more favourable position for one.

Thursday 9th. At sunset we pulled after the "Jolly," caught her at the Serrekei River, got on board, and sent our boats to make the best of their way to Sarawak—we hope to be there first. After our month's cruize to the River Sakarran and other pirate haunts, how wilfully ignorant and blind appear to us the tirades of some people, who pretend that these tribes are not piratical—If they could see the desolation of fertile tracts of country, the insecurity of life and property, the precautions against attack, and the continual fear and dread in which the well-disposed people live within reach of the pirates—if, in these pirates' houses, they could see the piles of smoked heads of Malays, Dyaks, and Chinese, and the traces of plunder, and hear them recount their past prowess in the fights they have won, and the heads they have taken, they would certainly doubt no longer.

One of the Sakarran chiefs, Rentab, has in his house two brass guns, taken from a Dutch armed boat, which put out after him, when he was

making a *raid* on the Sarebas coast; she got ahead of the others in the chase, and kept firing into the Dyak *balla*, when a ball killed a son or nephew of Rentab, which so enraged the Dyaks, that they turned round upon her, boarded, and killed every man in the boat, forty, and took their heads. Even old Gassim's eye lights up, when he talks of his former exploits. He once attacked Sirhassin, one of the Natunas islands, and has often ravaged the Chinese, and other settlements, on the Dutch parts of the island."

Thus ends Papa's Journal, and I cannot tell you Charley, the joy, with which on Sunday, May 11th, when I was sitting reading after church, the sound of gongs, and boat music, fell on my ear, and my servant Quangho, running in, informed me, that " our Tuan was coming,'' we all ran down to the wharf, to welcome, and bring them home.

LETTER XVII.

MALACCA.

June, 1852.

My dearest Boy,

On Feb. 19th, 1852, I left Singapore in the little steamer "Hooghley," to visit Malacca and our kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. T——, who live there. Twenty-two hours' voyage brought us to our destination; and when I looked out of my cabin window, early on the morning of the 20th, I saw that we were at anchor, but a long way off the shore, for mud and sand-banks have gradually accumulated in the harbour, until it is impossible for any vessel deeper than a small schooner to run near the land. So we got into a boat, and enjoyed the pretty view of Malacca as we approached it. If you look at the map, you will see that the town is situated on the narrow tongue of land called the Malayan Peninsula. Six centuries ago, a Malay Prince, called S'ri Iscander Shah, was driven from Singapore by his enemies, the Javanese. He and his followers wandered about in their boats till

they came to this coast, where they landed. The Prince stood under the shade of a fine tree, while one of his dogs roused a white mouse deer, or *Plandok*; but the deer stood at bay, and drove the dog into the water. "This is a fine place," said the Rajah, "the very *Plandoks* are full of courage; let us found a city here." Accordingly, they did so, and called it Malacca, which was the name of the tree under which the Prince stood on first landing. This is the Malay story; and they add, that the city prospered and increased so much that, at the end of a hundred years, the colony contained 190,000 inhabitants.

In the year 1561, a fleet of Portuguese, led by the famous Alphonso Albuquerque, conquered Malacca, and drove the Malay Rajah to Johore, a country near the extreme point of the Peninsula. So the Portuguese held Malacca for more than a hundred years, and built forts on the hills, the ruins of which are still standing. Then the Dutch made friends with the Malay Rajah, who lived at Johore, and offered to help him to recover his former kingdom; but, when they had beaten the Portuguese, they kept Malacca for themselves. The natives, indeed, were but badly treated, by either the Portuguese or Dutch; and it was a happy day for them when an English fleet sailed

into the harbour, in the year 1795, and made the Dutch surrender to the British flag. Since that time the Dutch have had the place again, for a few years; but the English at last gave them the fine island of Sumatra, in exchange for a few little settlements on the coast of India, of which Malacca is the most important; and, as before this, the English had destroyed all the forts which the Portuguese and Dutch had built to defend themselves against the natives, I dare say the Dutch thought themselves well off in the bargain.

The inhabitants of Malacca, from the place having passed from the hands of one European nation to another, are a curious mixture of races —Portuguese, Malay, Dutch, and English, are so intermingled, that you may go into a gentleman's house, and see an old Malay grandmother, dressed in her *sarong* and *baju*; and if you know her language, she will introduce you to her son, a dingy Portuguese man or thickset Hollander, whose half-English wife will tell you that her daughter, Rose, must go "home to be educated." While you are wondering whether the "home" is Johore, Lisbon, or Amsterdam, you hear that it is England, which place neither parents nor grandparents most likely ever saw.

On the hill of St. Paul are the ruins of an old convent, "Our Lady of the Mount," built by Albuquerque, and they say visited by St. Francis Xavier, a Roman Catholic missionary of great fame. One of the pretty hills in the neighbourhood is called by his name, and several Romish saints are buried there. I have twice walked up this hill at sunrise; the view from it is lovely, for the country of Malacca is one vast garden of fruit trees and cocoa-nuts, and waiving plains of paddy, which at this season reminds one of our English harvest. The grain resembles oats, and is cultivated in immense fields, bounded by groves of trees, and watered by small ditches, which you cannot see when the corn is high. This beautiful prospect is varied by the blue sea on one side, dotted with little wooded islands, and the fine mountains of Ophir inland. On the top of the hill of St. Xavier is a clump of Ansenna trees, growing in the midst of the old fort, which you may trace round the top of the hill. Indeed, every hill seems to have been crowned by its fort, except St. Paul's, on which stood the convent. Now, the hills are Chinese burying grounds. There is a large colony of Chinese in Malacca: and so fond are they of the place, that many Chinese, who grow rich, and spend most of

their years at Singapore, Penang, or other settlements, buy their places of burial, and build their tombs at Malacca. This converts the country about the coast into a great cemetery, which, as you drive past, does not supply you with many cheerful ideas, especially if you happen to meet any signs of their miserable devil worship, scraps of riband or gilt paper scattered over the grass, to keep away the antoos. The Dutch made the nave of the convent church into a churchyard for themselves, and the English have converted the chancel into a powder magazine. A flagstaff, on the summit of this hill, tells the people of the town all about the ships at sea. The flags of different colours and patterns which they hoist, shew whether it is a steamer, ship, brig, or schooner which is passing, where she comes from, and whither bound. All this is very interesting, in such a quiet, dull place as Malacca, where it is not often that a large vessel puts in, on account of the bad harbour. We have spent part of our time here, at a Bungalow fifteen miles from the town, which is called Ayer Panas (hot water), from its vicinity to a hot spring in the midst of a paddy field, so hot, that you cannot bear your hand for a moment in the spring, and it smells of rotten eggs, from its having sulphuretted hy-

drogen gas always bubbling up through the water. Papa had a little shed built over the spring, and a bath put in it, where he used to sit for an hour every morning, besides drinking the nasty hot water, to cure his rheumatism, which became so much better from this treatment, that at the end of a week he could walk with us of an evening in the fine jungle, which surrounded the house. The little Bungalow, in which we lived, was a police station, placed there to watch the country round, and especially the settlements of Chinese who were employed in working the tin mines, about two miles further in the jungle, and who were sometimes very unruly. While I was at Malacca several murders were committed, in the constant quarrels between these Chinese miners and their Malay neighbours. Fifteen or twenty Peons, Malay policemen, slept in the lower part of the Bungalow, and we lived in the upper story. At night these men lighted an immense wood fire before the door, to frighten away tigers, for the jungle of that country is infested by these savage beasts; and the night before we arrived, they said there were two prowling about the house. The knowledge of this often made us quicken our steps, if the beauty of our evening walk led us so far from home, that the twilight began to close

round us before we reached it; but I never felt in any danger except once, the last evening before we left Ayer Panas.

Papa and I set off as soon as the heat of the day abated, to visit the tin mines in the jungle. It was broad day-light, and I laughed at the pertinacity of a tall Malay Peon who insisted on following us close, with a sword at his side, lest a tiger should cross our path. What a lovely walk it was! the fine trees of the deep woods were peopled by birds and monkeys, who seemed calling to us to know what we wanted in their domain—the bright branches of the orange-coloured Ixora, and delicate blue Justicia; the pink Kammunting (mountain gooseberry), and the lilac Melastoma, made the pathway gay as a garden. We walked on, scarcely speaking and half-dreaming, as one feels disposed to do in such a still evening scene, till we heard the fall of the pump at the mines, and presently the voices of the Chinese. Then Papa said "You had better not go amongst the miners, they are a rude uncouth set; sit down on a bank, the Peon shall guard you, and I will just go and look at the workings:" so I, glad of a rest, sat still and amused myself with the antics of some great monkeys, at a little distance, who were getting their supper and playing

games in a high tree. I soon heard Papa and the miners laughing very heartily, and felt sure he was making friends with them, as Papa knows how to do with most people. But after a time the voices ceased, the light began to fade out of the sky, the monkeys finished their supper—then I turned to the Peon, and said "You must go to Tuan and tell him to return, it grows late and will be dark before we reach home; I will walk slowly along the path, so that you may overtake me." To tell the truth, I was anxious at Papa's staying so long amongst the Chinese miners, for whom I had no great respect; but it was not until I had proceeded some little distance along the wood, that it occurred to me how near a tiger might be in the thicket beside the path, and how utterly defenceless I was, should he spring out—then the turn or fall of every leaf in that silent wood, made me start, and it was with no small pleasure that I saw our servant coming to meet me, and heard Papa's voice behind, and the Peon with him, whose sword I no longer despised. We reached home, thank God, in safety, although it was quite dark, and my friend, who was putting her baby to sleep in the house, looked quite alarmed at the risk we had run.

The tin ore looks something like emery powder, and is mixed with a quartzose sand. The Chinese smelt it, until it is a pure metal, and cast it into long blocks, in which state they sell it for nineteen dollars a hundred-weight, and it is sent to Europe. There is much gold found by the Chinese at Mount Ophir, in the interior of the country, but Papa was not well enough to explore where there were no roads, or he would have ascended this fine hill.

LETTER XVIII.

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES BROOKE.

November, 1853.

MY DEAREST CHARLEY,

The life of a great man is a spring of good actions and generous impulses to others, and cannot be too well known and studied; for in proportion to our love and sympathy for what is excellent, we become capable of the virtues which we admire. For this reason I now propose writing you a short history of Sir James Brooke, our English Rajah; for, although you are well acquainted with him personally, and his name is to you a household word, there are many of my young friends who will read these letters who may be rather puzzled at the frequent mention of an Englishman possessing such a foreign sounding title, and who may wish to hear how he became an Eastern sovereign, and how he gained such influence over the half-civilized Malays and the wild Dyaks. God gives to every one of us the capability of excelling if we add

our own endeavours to His gifts in the path which he marks out for us in this life. We are all fashioned differently; to some He gives one talent to others ten. Some are called to public life, where the eyes of all men scan and judge their actions; some live so obscurely, that the narrow circle of their friends and relations seems alone to notice or care for them. But all are alike watched by God: it is not a man's grandeur or his talents which make him approved by his Maker, whose gifts these are; but whether he steadily and perseveringly, in the face of all difficulties and temptations, follows the path of duty, and patiently takes up the crosses which lie in his way. This patience and perseverance are the qualities which you, even child as you are, may imitate in the Rajah's character. James Brooke was the son of a gentleman in the Indian Civil Service, and was born in India on the 29th of April, 1803: while still a little boy he was sent home to England for his education, and thus had the disadvantage which belongs to all Indian born children, of not knowing his parents in his early years. When he was fourteen his father and mother returned to England; and it has often comforted me to hear the Rajah say that he

loved and reverenced his mother, as much as if he had been brought up at her side. She was of a most gentle and superior nature, wise enough to gain the strongest influence over his wayward youth, and to encourage him in the love of travel and adventure which she saw was most likely to develop his character and talents. At the age of sixteen he went to India as a cadet, and was engaged in the first Burmese war, where he so distinguished himself by his gallantry (he fell, as was supposed, mortally wounded), as to receive the thanks of government. At last he was obliged to ask leave of absence and return to England to recover from a serious wound which he had received in his lungs, and which for a long time endangered his life. Little things often shew the strength of a person's mind, and I think it is worth mentioning, that the Rajah has told me he thought his constitution recovered its tone by his daring to take a cold bath every morning through a severe winter; when many thought he was going into a consumption he jumped out of bed into his ice-cold bath, and became strengthened both in frame and in purpose by the exertion.

But I must hasten to the more important events of his life. He did not continue in the

Indian army after 1820, but travelled in various countries, and often retired to some quiet country place where he could read and study without interruption. In 1830 he made a voyage to China, and then saw, for the first time, the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; he was struck with their beauty, the importance they might be to English commerce, and the neglect which had hitherto prevented any settlements on their shores. When he returned home he could not forget that vast island of Borneo, abandoned to savages, or the solitude of nature, with the exception of a few small Dutch factories on the coast. He therefore determined to explore the country himself. About this time his father died, and Mr. Brooke, having succeeded to a good fortune, he purchased a yacht, the Royalist, 140 tons burthen, and chose and trained her crew of twenty men, with the greatest care, during a cruise in the Mediterranean; for he said, "I felt that it was necessary to form men to my purpose, and, by a line of steady and kind conduct, to raise up a personal regard for myself, and attachment for the vessel, which could not be expected in ordinary cases. In following this object I was nearly three years in preparing a crew to my mind, and gradually moulding them to consider

the hardest fate or misfortune, under my command, as better than the ordinary service in a merchant vessel."

We cannot suppose that Mr. Brooke had more than a general idea at the time he was preparing his vessel and her crew for this long voyage, as to his object in making it. "I go," said he, "to awake the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands." Circumstances were to decide how this was to be accomplished. On the 1st of June the Royalist anchored at Singapore. He there learnt that a Malay Rajah was then resident at Sarawak, who was friendly to the English, and had shewn kindness and generosity to the crew of a merchant vessel wrecked at the entrance of the river, and to him he resolved to pay his first visit. On the 15th of August the Royalist anchored abreast the town of Kuching, which was described as "a collection of huts, erected on piles, and containing about 1500 persons."

What was then a miserable village, is now a well built town, containing as many as 20,000 inhabitants: such is the effect of peace and good government. Muda Hassim, the Malay Rajah, received Mr. Brooke's visit very graciously. There is a great deal of formality about the

courts of Eastern Princes, and a number of speeches are made at first, which mean nothing, before they begin to say anything to the purpose. Muda Hassim made all the display he could, and was very polite and delighted to see his English friend; and when Mr. Brooke inquired whether the war, in which he had heard that he was engaged with his subjects, proceeded favourably, he replied, that there was no war, but merely some *child's play* among his subjects, and so the conference ended. But this "child's play" proved a very serious affair to Muda Hassim—who at last applied to Mr. Brooke to help him with his handful of Englishmen. One vigorous charge from this little band sufficed; for the warfare of the rebels had hitherto consisted in building forts, from which they could throw missive weapons; and Muda Hassim's forces, led by corrupt and cowardly chiefs, had never dared to attack them.

Having conquered the rebels, Mr. Brooke promised to save their lives, by asking their pardon from their Rajah. It was with great difficulty, however, that he obtained this mercy for them. "I only succeeded," says Mr. Brooke, "when, at the end of a long debate, I soliciting, he denying, I rose to bid him farewell, saying, that if

after all my exertions in his cause, he would not grant me the lives of his people, I could only conceive that his friendship for me was at an end. Upon this he yielded." After this important event Muda Hassim begged Mr. Brooke to live at Sarawak, and help him to govern his subjects, at the same time employing a schooner to trade between Sarawak and Singapore.

The government of Sarawak was as bad as the weakness of Muda Hassim and the wickedness of his nobles could make it. They were surrounded by a number of followers whose only pay was their being screened from punishment by their masters; these men oppressed the Dyaks in the most shameful manner; they levied heavy taxes upon them, and, if they could not pay, they took their wives and children as slaves. Sometimes they would take a boatload of gongs, brazen vessels, etc., to a Dyak tribe, and desire them to give them in exchange enormous quantities of rice, birds' nests, honey, etc.; it mattered not whether the Dyaks wished to buy these goods, they were obliged to do so, and at the price fixed by the Malays. If a good harvest had seemed to ensure them food for the season they found it wrested from them, and all the fruits of their industry only served to feed the

greediness of their oppressors: nor was there any remedy, for the courts of justice at Sarawak could see no faults in the nobles or their followers. No one who is unacquainted with the double dealing of eastern courts can imagine what a difficult part Mr. Brooke had to play to protect the oppressed, and, at the same time, maintain his influence over the oppressors. His own life was once and again threatened, and Muda Hassim, if he had the will, had not the power to defend him. The yacht was several times fully armed, and prepared to make what resistance she could, when some act of tyranny or treachery forced Mr. Brooke to expostulations with Muda Hassim. At one time both the yacht and the Swift, the merchant schooner, were absent; one on an errand of mercy, to demand some shipwrecked English from the Sultan of Bruni, who was detaining them as prisoners, the other at Singapore. Mr. Brooke with only three Englishmen remained at Kuching, steadily pursuing his schemes of reform and protection—he knew no fear, and his whole soul was bent upon remedying the evils he saw around him. Mr. Brooke agreeing to live at Kuching, Muda Hassim built him a house in the town, when just as he had taken possession of it, a large force of Sakarran

and Sarebas Dyaks with one hundred war boats, and not less than two thousand five hundred men, came up the river and requested the Rajah to allow them to attack a hostile tribe in the interior. Muda Hassim gave them leave, knowing full well that their purpose was really to destroy all the weak tribes in their way, and take the heads of his own subjects. The Chinese and the Dyaks were in the greatest terror, but Mr. Brooke instantly quitted his house and returned on board his yacht, sending to the Rajah to know whether he had granted the pirates such a permission. At the same time the guns of the Royalist were prepared for action; and such was the effect of this remonstrance, that the pirates, sulky enough, were obliged to take their departure. By such acts as these Mr. Brooke won the hearts of the people of Sarawak, and the respect of its rulers. He listened to the sad tales of the poor Dyaks, which brought tears to his eyes, and awoke within him the most earnest desires to help them. "Unhappy people," he says, "who suffer for the crimes of others; God knows I will aid you to the utmost of my power;" and his power grew daily: for the constant exercise of firmness

and justice, with the greatest patience, could not but influence all parties.

I could tell many tales of this trying time, when the strong will of one Englishman stemmed the wickedness of this eastern court, and sheltered its subjects, but my letter would be too long, and you must read for yourself Mr. Brooke's Journals when you are older. At last Muda Hassim, unable to carry on the government, resigned it into the hands of Mr. Brooke; and on the 1st of August, 1842, the Sultan of Bruni signed and sealed the compact, which gave the province of Sarawak to Mr. Brooke and his heirs for ever. "I hope," he says, "that this day, so important to me, will be marked with a white stone in the annals of Sarawak." I wish the Dyaks, whom their English Rajah has rescued from slavery oppression and poverty, could tell how well this wish has been fulfilled; and that the Malays, who are now contented and happy under just laws, justly administered, could add their testimony to the character of a ruler, who has won them to the paths of virtue and industry by unwearied kindness, firmness and patience. I have known the time, when, night after night, the Rajah has sat surrounded by his native subjects, drawing out their confidence by listening to their histories,

and in return instructing them, and amusing them by tales and facts, which to them are more wonderful than fiction. At night, and under the influence of a cigar the Malay is wide awake; he tells you long stories, and lets you into all his secrets, but there are not many Englishmen who have sufficient kindness and patience to be interested, and give them all the sympathy their hearts require.

I have, in a former letter, told you the efforts which Sir James Brooke has made during his government of Sarawak, to put down piracy, not only amongst his own subjects, but the neighbouring Dyak tribes; so I will not repeat the tale. It has been hard work to teach savages good faith, mercy, and peace; but, though some of the pirate tribes still threaten an outbreak, I believe the day will come, when even they will bless his memory, as their true friend, for now opposing their evil courses, and teaching them to be quiet and industrious, even though an occasional chastisement be necessary to enforce the lesson. Meanwhile, we may hope that the Missionaries, who are now stationed near them, may gain sufficient influence to win them, by God's grace, to a true faith in Him and our Lord Jesus Christ. Then they will

"turn their swords into ploughshares," and build churches instead of *bangkongs;* then instead of the terrible war-yell, we shall hear divine songs and musical church bells echoing through the woods, and the beautiful country and rich soil will yield a glad return to the labour bestowed upon them. Let us not only pray, but labour, for this happy day, for which our good Rajah has toiled and waited these ten years, and devoted his fortune and health to accomplish. Already the dawn of it appears, for there is a strong party of men of peace amongst the Sarebas, and at Sakarran they are, I hope, being brought to a better mind, by the labours and teaching of a young Englishman, Mr. Brereton; who, by following the example of Sir James Brooke, has won the hearts of many thousands of the wild Sakarrans.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THE END.

J. Wertheimer & Co., Printers, Circus Place, London Wall.

Original Juvenile Library,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS

FOR THE YOUNG,

PUBLISHED BY

GRANT AND GRIFFITH,

(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS).

The Favourite Picture Book;

A Gallery of Delights, designed for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young. With several Hundred Illustrations by Eminent Artists. Royal 4to., price 3*s.* 6*d.*, bound in an Elegant Cover; 7*s.* 6*d.* coloured or mounted on cloth; 10*s.* 6*d.* mounted and coloured.

Mrs. BRAY'S NEW WORK.

A Peep at the Pixies;

Or, Legends of the West. By Mrs. Bray. Illustrated by H. K. Browne (Phiz), 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Ocean and her Rulers;

A Narrative of the Nations who have from the earliest ages held dominion over the Sea. By Alfred Elwes. With Frontispiece. Foolscap 8vo., 5*s.* cloth.

The Day of a Baby Boy;

A Story for a Young Child. By E. Berger. With Illustrations by John Absolon. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth, plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured, gilt edges.

Cat and Dog;

Or, Memoirs of Puss and the Captain. A Story founded on fact. By the Author of "The Doll and her Friends." Illustrated by H. Weir. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth, plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured, gilt edges.

THE BARON KRAKEMSIDES' NEW WORK.

The Careless Chicken;

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES; author of "Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches." With Sixteen large coloured Plates, by ALFRED CROWQUILL. 4to., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches.

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES, of Burstenoudelafen Castle. Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL. 4to., coloured plates, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Scripture Histories for Little Children.

By the author of "Mamma's Bible Stories," etc. With Sixteen Illustrations, by JOHN GILBERT. 3*s.* plain; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

The History of an Adopted Child.

By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY, with an Illustration by JOHN ABSOLON. Foolscap 8vo., price 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Family Bible Newly Opened;

With Uncle Goodwin's account of it. By JEFFERYS TAYLOR, author of "A Glance at the Globe," "The Young Islanders," etc. Frontispiece by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Kate and Rosalind;

Or, Early Experiences. With an Illustration by J. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., price 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Hidden Treasures;

Or, the Heir of Hohenberg. Edited by F. HARDMAN, Author of "The Student of Salamanca," etc., with Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Good in Everything;

Or, The Early History of Gilbert Harland. By MRS. BARWELL, Author of "Little Lessons for Little Learners," etc. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT. Royal 16mo., cl. 3*s.* 6*d.* plain; 4*s.* 6*d.*, cold., gilt edges.

Manco, the Peruvian Chief;

Or, the Adventures of an Englishman in the Country of the Incas. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. With Illustrations by CARL SCHMOLZE. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cloth.

By the same Author,

Mark Seaworth;

A Tale of the Indian Ocean. Illustrated by J. ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.

Peter the Whaler;

His early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cloth.

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals.

By Mrs. R. Lee (formerly Mrs. Bowdich), with Illustrations by H. Weir. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cloth.

By the same Author,

Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds,

REPTILES, and FISHES. Illustrated by H. Weir. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cl.

Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of

ANIMALS. With Four Illustrations by J. W. Archer. Super-royal 16mo., cloth 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured, gilt edges.

Adventures in Australia;

Or, the Wanderings of Captain Spencer in the Bush and the Wilds; containing accurate descriptions of the Habits of the Natives, and the Natural Productions and Features of the Country. Second Edition. With Illustrations by J. S. Prout. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cloth.

Familiar Natural History.

With Forty-two Illustrations from Drawings by Harrison Weir, and Descriptions by Mrs. Lee. Super Royal 16mo., cloth 3*s.* 6*d.* plain; 6*s.* coloured, gilt edges.

The African Wanderers;

Or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio; with Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the Natural Productions of the Country. 2nd Edit. With Engravings. Fcap. 8vo., 5*s.* cl.

"For fascinating adventure, and rapid succession of incident, the volume is equal to any relation of travel we ever read. It exhibits marked ability as well as extensive knowledge, and deserves perusal from all ages."*Britannia.*

"In strongly recommending this admirable work to the attention of young readers, we feel that we are rendering a real service to the cause of African civilization."—*Patriot.*

The Doll and Her Friends;

Or, Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Letters from Madras," etc. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne (Phiz). Super-royal 16mo., cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured, gilt edges.

Stories of Julian and his Playfellows.

Written by His Mamma. With Illustrations by John Absolon. Super-royal 16mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*, plain; 3*s.* 6*d.*, coloured, gilt edges.

Tales from Catland;

Written for Little Kittens by an Old Tabby. With Four Illustrations by H. Weir. Second Edit. Small 4to., 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

The Wonders of Home, in Eleven Stories.

By GRANDFATHER GREY. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

CONTENTS.—1. The Story of a Cup of Tea.—2. A Lump of Coal.—3. Some Hot Water.—4. A Piece of Sugar.—5. The Milk Jug.—6. A Pin.—7. Jenny's Sash.—8. Harry's Jacket.—9. A Tumbler.—10. A Knife.—11. This Book.

"The idea is excellent, and its execution equally commendable. The subjects are well selected, and are very happily told in a light yet sensible manner."—*Weekly News.*

Tales of School Life.

By AGNES LOUDON, Author of "Tales for Young People." With Four beautiful Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Royal 16mo., price 3*s.* 6*d.*, plain; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

"These reminiscences of school days will be recognised as truthful pictures of every-day occurrence. The style is colloquial and pleasant, and therefore well suited to those for whose perusal it is intended."—*Athenæum.*

Rhymes of Royalty.

The History of England in Verse, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA; with an Appendix, comprising a summary of the leading events in each reign. Fcap. 8vo., with an Elegant Frontispiece. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Kit Bam's Adventures;

Or, the Yarns of an Old Mariner. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Fcap. 8vo., price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

"A more captivating volume for juvenile recreative reading we never remember to have seen."—*Standard of Freedom.*

"Cruikshank's illustrations are worthy of his genius. There is a giant and a dwarf, which he never could have drawn, if he had not lived in fairy land."—*Examiner.*

Every-Day Things;

Or, Useful Knowledge respecting the principal Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Substances in common use. Written for Young Persons, by A LADY. 18mo., 2*s.* cloth.

*** The author, believing that learning by rote from a book of questions and answers only gives a child a smattering of knowledge, without a clear or definite idea of any single particular object, recommends, in using this work, that the pupil should carefully read the account given of each article, and afterwards be questioned upon it by the parent or teacher, thereby exercising the mind as well as the memory.

"The design of the work is very suitably executed."—*Educational Times.*

"A little encyclopædia of useful knowledge, deserving a place in every juvenile library."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

The History of a Family;

Or, Religion our best Support. With an Illustration by JOHN ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo., price 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

"A natural and gracefully written story, pervaded by a tone of Scriptural piety, and well calculated to foster just views of life and duty. We hope it will find its way into many English homes."—*Englishwoman's Magazine.*

Facts from the World of Nature;

ANIMATE and INANIMATE. Part 1. The Earth. Part 2. The Waters. Part 3. Atmospheric Phenomena. Part 4. Animal Life. By Mrs. LOUDON. With numerous Illustrations on Wood, and a beautiful Frontispiece engraved on Steel. Fcap. 8vo., price 5*s.* cloth.

"A volume as charming as it is useful."—*Church and State Gazette.*

"The young reader is conducted through each region of creation, and has its chief wonders unfolded to him by one of the pleasantest of guides."—*Manchester Examiner.*

The First Book of Geography;

Specially adapted as a Text Book for Beginners, and as a Guide to the Young Teacher. By HUGO REID, author of "Elements of Astronomy," etc. Second Edition, revised. 18mo., price 1*s.* sewed.

"One of the most sensible little books on the subject of Geography we have met with." —*Educational Times.*

Visits to Beechwood Farm;

Or, Country Pleasures, and Hints for Happiness addressed to the Young. By CATHERINE M. A. COUPER. Four beautiful Illustrations by ABSOLON. Small 4to., price 3*s.* 6*d.*, plain.

"Well calculated to impress upon young readers the superiority of simple and natural pleasures over those which are artificial."—*Englishwoman's Magazine.*

MARIN DE LA VOYE'S ELEMENTARY FRENCH WORKS.

Les Jeunes Narrateurs;

Ou Petits Contes Moraux. With a Key to the difficult words and phrases. 18mo., price 2*s.* cloth.

The Pictorial French Grammar;

For the Use of Children. With Eighty Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 2*s.* illuminated cloth.

The Wonder Seeker;

Or, The History of Charles Douglas. By M. F. TYTLER, Author of "Tales of the Great and Brave." With Illustrations by ABSOLON. Second Edit. Fcap. 8vo., price 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth; 5*s.* 6*d.*, coloured, gilt edges.

"Books such as these, are always delightful."—*Athenæum.*

"It is precisely the book that town boys would like, because it tells them of the country, and country boys cherish, because it teaches them to enjoy, in the country, what perhaps they never enjoyed before."—*Art Union.*

Early Days of English Princes.

By Mrs. RUSSELL GRAY. Dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Roxburghe. With Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. Small 4to., price 3*s.* 6*d.*, tinted plates, 4*s.* 6*d.*, coloured. Cloth.

"We cannot too highly recommend its elegant style and moral tone."—*Brighton Gazette*

Glimpses of Nature;

And Objects of Interest described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. Designed to assist and encourage Young Persons in forming habits of observation. By Mrs. LOUDON. Second Edition, with additional Illustrations, and a new Chapter on Shells. 16mo., price 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

"We could not recommend a more valuable little volume. It is full of information, conveyed in the most agreeable manner."—*Literary Gazette*.

The Celestial Empire;

or, Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese. By the Author of "Paul Preston," "Soldiers and Sailors," etc. With Twenty Engravings. Fcap. 8vo., price 3*s*. 6*d*., cloth.

"This very handsome volume contains an almost incredible amount of information."—*Church and State Gazette*.

The Silver Swan;

A Fairy Tale. By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Small 4to., price 3*s*. 6*d*. plain; 4*s*. 6*d*. coloured.

"The moral is in the good, broad, unmistakeable style of the best fairy period."—*Athenæum*.
"The story is written with excellent taste and sly humour."—*Atlas*.

Home Amusements.

A Collection of Riddles, Charades, Conundrums, Parlour Games, and Forfeits. New Edition, with Frontispiece. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

Soldiers and Sailors;

Or, Anecdotes, Details, and Recollections of Naval and Military Life, as related to his Nephews. By AN OLD OFFICER. Fcap., 5*s* cloth. With 50 beautiful Woodcuts, from Designs by JOHN GILBERT.

"Cheerfully do we award the meed of praise to this volume. It is the best book of its class we have yet read, containing a rich fund of interesting amusement for the young, and is not without its attractions for those of more mature age."—*United Service Gazette*.

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES.

Fanny and her Mamma;

Or, Lessons for Children. In which it is attempted to bring Scriptural Principles into daily practice; with Hints on Nursery Discipline. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Second Edition. 16mo., price 2*s*. 6*d*. cloth; 3*s*. 6*d*. coloured, gilt edges.

Bible Scenes;

Or, Sunday Employment for Very Little Children. Consisting of Twelve Coloured Illustrations on Cards, and the History written in Simple Language. In a neat box. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.; or dissected as a Puzzle, price 6*s*. 6*d*.

FIRST SERIES.—HISTORY OF JOSEPH.
SECOND SERIES.—HISTORY OF OUR SAVIOUR.
THIRD SERIES.—HISTORY OF MOSES.
FOURTH SERIES.—THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

Mamma's Bible Stories,

For her Little Boys and Girls. Eighth Edition. Twelve Engravings. 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

A Sequel to Mamma's Bible Stories.

Third Edition. Twelve Engravings. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

Short and Simple Prayers,

For the Use of Young Children. With Hymns. Third Edition. Square 16mo., price 1*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

"Well adapted to the capacities of children—beginning with the simplest forms which the youngest child may lisp at its mother's knee, and proceeding with those suited to its gradually advancing age. Special prayers, designed for particular circumstances and occasions, are added. We cordially recommend the book."—*Christian Guardian.*

The Young Jewess and her Christian School-fellows.

By the Author of "Rhoda," etc. With a Frontispiece by J. Gilbert. 16mo., price 1*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

"Peculiarly adapted to impress upon the minds of young persons the powerful efficacy of example."—*Englishman's Magazine.*

Rhoda;

Or, The Excellence of Charity. Third Edition. With Three Illustrations by Williams. Square 16mo., price 2*s*. cloth.

"Not only adapted for children, but many parents might derive great advantage from studying its simple truths."—*Church and State Gazette.*

Stories from the Old and New Testaments,

On an improved plan. By the Rev. B. H. Draper. With 48 Engravings. Fifth Edition. Price 5*s*. cloth.

Wars of the Jews,

As related by Josephus; adapted to the Capacities of Young Persons, and illustrated with 24 Engravings. Fifth Edition. Price 4*s*. 6*d*. cl.

True Stories from Ancient History,

Chronologically arranged from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. By the Author of "Always Happy," etc. Eleventh Edit. 24 Engravings. 12mo. Price 5*s*. cloth.

True Stories from Modern History,

Chronologically arranged from the Death of Charlemagne to the Year 1849. Seventh Edit. 24 Engravings. 12mo., 5*s*. cloth.

True Stories from English History,

Chronologically arranged from the Invasion of the Romans to the Present Time. Sixth Edit. 36 Engravings. 5*s*. cloth.

Trimmer's Concise History of England,

With a Continuation to the Reign of Victoria, by Mrs. MILNER, Author of "Life of Dean Milner," etc. With Illustrations. New and Cheaper Edition. In one volume, fcap. 8vo., price 5*s.* cloth.

First Steps in Scottish History,

By MISS RODWELL, Author of "First Steps to English History," etc. With 10 Illustrations by WEIGALL. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

The Prince of Wales' Primer.

Dedicated to her Majesty Queen Victoria. New Edition, with 300 Engravings. Price 6*d.*; or Title, Frontispiece, and Cover printed in Gold and Colours, 1*s.*

Anecdotes of Kings.

Selected from History; or, Gertrude's Stories for Children. New Edition. With Engravings, 2*s.* 6*d.* plain; 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

Bible Illustrations;

Or, a Description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East, and especially Explanatory of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Revised by Dr. KITTO, Editor of "The Pictorial Bible." Price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The British History briefly told,

and a Description of the Ancient Customs, Sports, and Pastimes of the English. With full-length Portraits of the Sovereigns in their proper Costumes, and 18 other Engravings. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Facts to correct Fancies;

Or, Short Narratives compiled from the Biography of Remarkable Women. By a MOTHER. With Engravings, 3*s.* 6*d.* plain; 4*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

Key to Knowledge;

Or, Things in Common Use simply and shortly Explained. By a MOTHER, Author of "Always Happy," etc. Twelfth Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

The Mine;

Or, Subterranean Wonders. An Account of the Operations of the Miner and the Products of his Labours. By the late Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Sixth Edition. With Corrections and Additions by Mrs. LOUDON. 45 new Woodcuts and Steel Engravings. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Ship;

A Description of different kinds of Vessels, the Origin of Ship-building, a Brief Sketch of Naval Affairs, with the Distinctive Flags of different Nations, and numerous illustrative Engravings. By the late Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Fifth Edition. Edited by M. H. BARKER, Esq., "The Old Sailor." Price 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

WERTHEIMER AND CO., PRINTERS, FINSBURY CIRCUS. B